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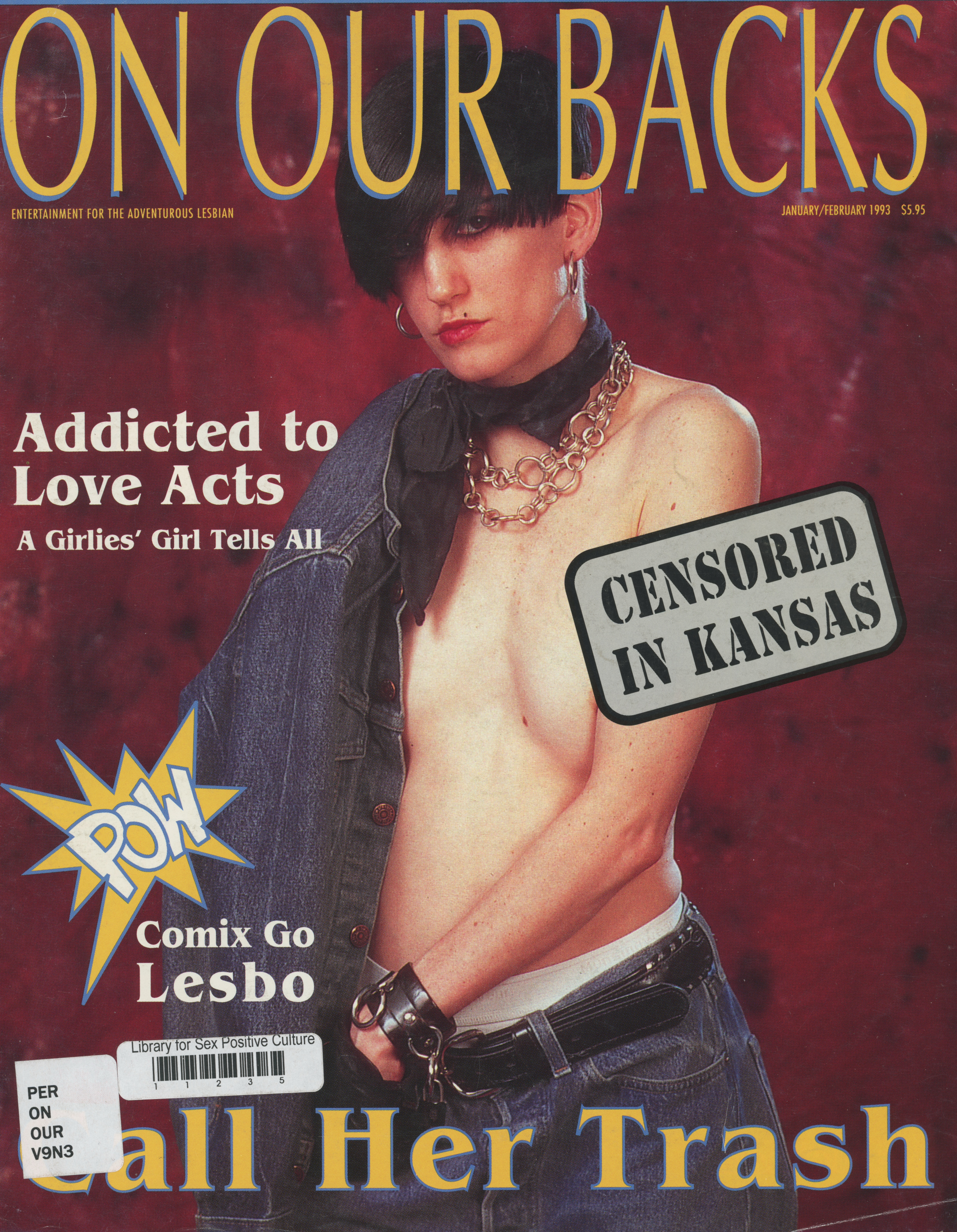

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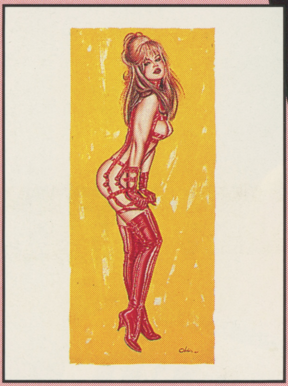

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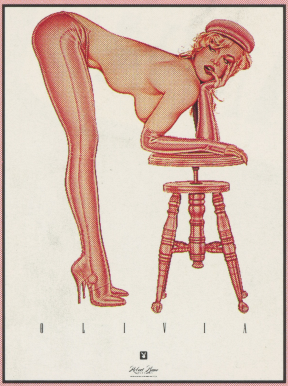

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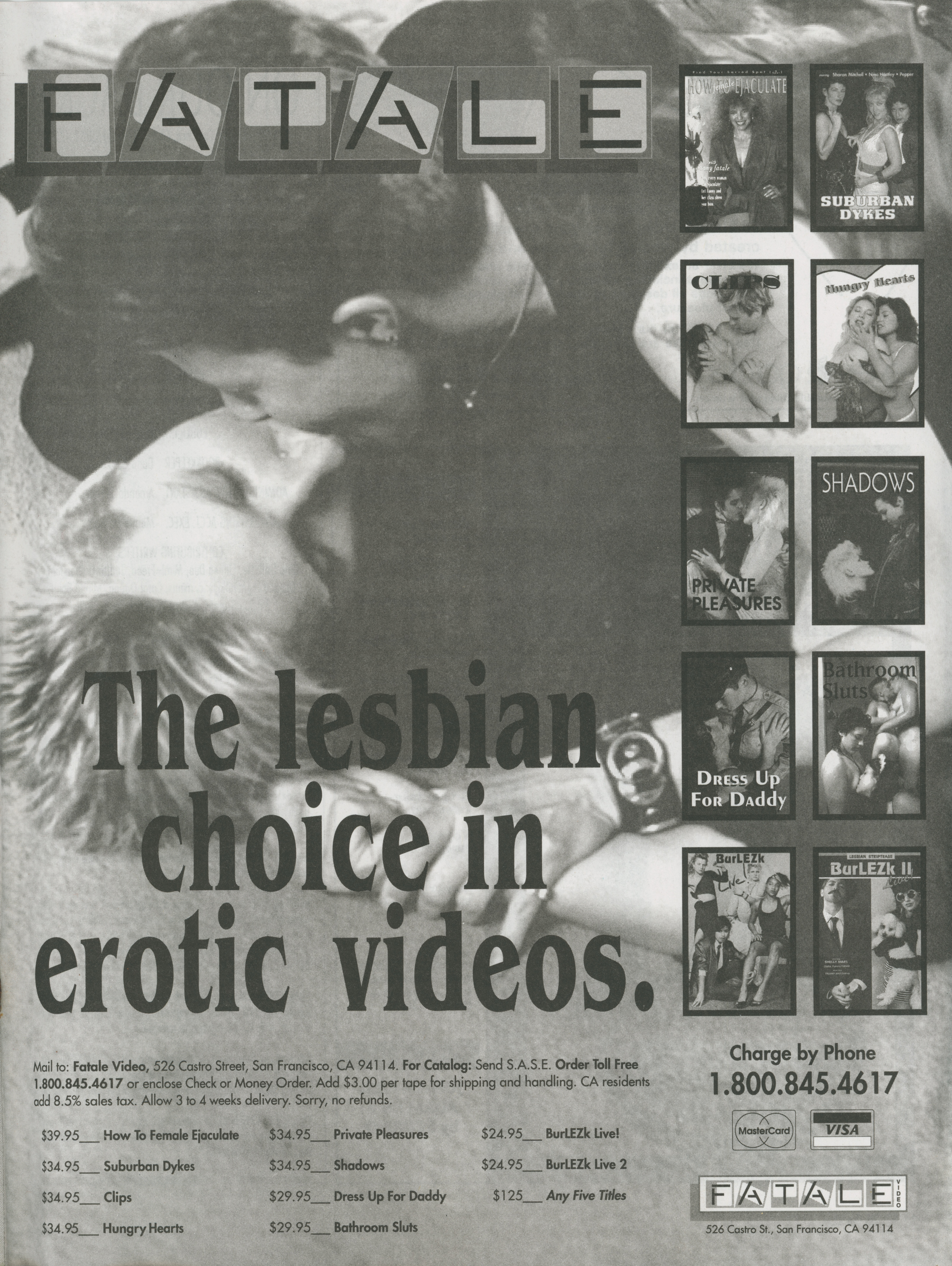
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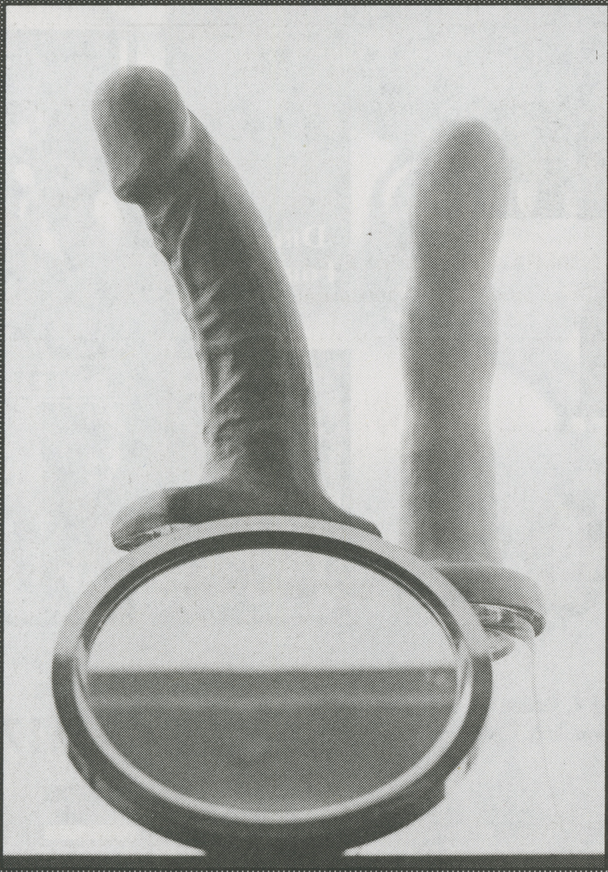

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Vol.9 No.3 January/February 1993

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The woman who stopped the presses!

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Annie Sprinkle loves to collaborate with TRASH, who served as midwife to Annie's 5-minute "megagasm" in **Sluts & Goddessess.** (More TRASH on page 16.)

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Some say it's harmless play, others cry incest. Whatever it is, lots of dykes are dressing up like daddies and finding plenty of grown-up women who want to be their little girls—or even boys!

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Your local vegetable stand will never look the same.

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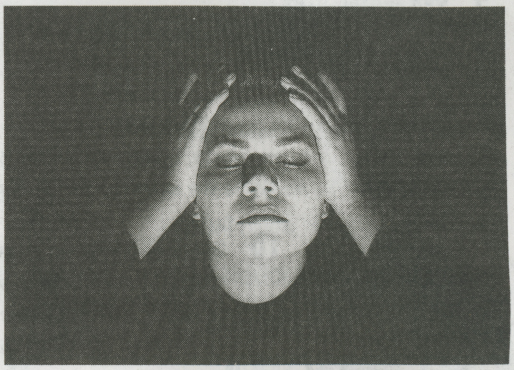
CONTRIBUTORS

Born in Iran and raised in Europe, **Neda Saffarina** has made San Francisco her new home. She studied at the Academy of Art College and does freelance work for assorted publications.

Annie Sprinkle sees Trash as a prodigy pleasure artist—the Mozart of lovemaking, the Isadora Duncan of ecstasy, the Emily Dickinson of dick. She loves to collaborate with her... anytime.



Neda

CHRIS BERTAGNOLE

Helen Petersen

Helen Petersen likes capturing images of women who aren't afraid of the power of their sexuality.

Gentry Lane is a writer/artist/dancer/glamour girl who will just die if her parents ever see her article on Love Acts.

Terry Moore lives in Boston, is single, and indulges a rich fantasy life. She has no pets.

Linnea Due wishes she had a kid to support her so she could write full-time. Meanwhile, she's hoping everyone will run right out and buy her new novel, *Life Savings*.

Sally Grey, sensuous Cancer grandmother, survived a midwestern childhood and lives to write. She's currently putting on disk a novel, *WICCA 1A*. Her lover Kate is a printer.

Wendy-O-Matik says that her relationship with **Elizabeth Norris** is a friendship that's "full of hiding places. The photos reflect the part of me still in love with her reflection left in my heart and the reality of our lives with other people now." **Elizabeth** says their relationship is "the strongest friendship I have ever experienced. Our interactions and tireless inquiries into our psyches have motivated more creative output than I could even fantasize alone."

Linnea Due

Veronica Faisant

Cathie Opie *still* lives in L.A., is *still* seeking new fantasies to enact, and is *still* looking for women who want to be photographed in compromising positions.

Katherine Kellogg has been called many things, but resists defining herself.

Veronica Faisant is a 43-year-old New Orleans born San Francisco photographer and metaphysician. She promises to personally answer all fan mail and would especially like to hear from other Below-Sea-Level dykes (you know who you are!)

A Place Of Our Own . . .

Your July/August issue opened a whole new world for me. Thanks for helping me see that women loving women is the most beautiful and natural form of sexual expression in the world. Odette Pelletier's photos made me wet, as did Sara Whitman's fiction. "Treyce and Her Gun" was a little hard-edged, but I loved "Mistress of Iron." Your magazine has played a major role in my acceptance and joy in being a lesbian. Bless you for offering loving women a place of their own.

Beverly M. Carter
Portland, OR

Loves It All . . . .

My femme slut bride-to-be and I enjoyed your September/October issue. The article on married dykes was nice to see, and you'll soon be able to add our names to the list of happily married, wildly fucking, queer gal couples.

The shaving shots were delicious, and timely for us as well. Also, being bikers we got off on the Black Widows, and it gave me an idea—in some of the biker rags they run monthly home photo contests. Maybe you could run a lesbian photo contest, or several, with different themes. I have a shot of my girl I'm itching to enter!

Zoriah
Santa Cruz, CA

Anyone else care to submit photos of their favorite bikers?—Ed.

Prostitution in Amsterdam . .

While I loved reading about the lesbian sex party in "Going Dutch," (March/April '92), I was dismayed by Blaise Bahara's uncritical description of prostitution in Amsterdam. While legalization has improved working conditions for window prostitutes like the subject of Bahara's fantasy, the fact remains that in Amsterdam, as in many European cities, there is a large population of illegal prostitutes whose lives reflect a painful reality. These women are from Third World countries such as Burma, Thailand, and the Dominican Republic. Men often prefer to go to them because they're cheaper, younger, and condoms aren't required in the illegal brothels where they work. Forced into prosutitution by poverty, or coerced by a combination of deceit and violence ("domestic work" programs for Third World women are often pre-prostitution programs), many of these women are unable to leave because the brothel owners have stolen their identity papers and passports.

I'm sure Ms. Bahara didn't know there was another side to prostitution in Amsterdam. Perhaps the window prostitutes she saw enjoy their work and have chosen it freely—I hope so. As we celebrate women's sexual liberation, we must never forget that for too many women poverty and violence make sexual or any other type of freedom an impossibility. We must work for the day when all women will have as broad a range of choices in their work and sexual lives as do the privileged women depicted in *On Our Backs.*

Abigail Cohen
New haven, CT

Cruising Our Contributors . .

I'm a new *On Our Backs* reader, thanks to Jane DeLynn, and I'm happy to say I'm hooked. I'm the first in line when the new issue hits the racks. Your periodical has expanded and enhanced my gay life.

Any idea if Laurence or Suzanne Sherman have plans to visit Miami Beach in the near or distant future? I know a lovely place to stay, and it's right near the water!

Wendy Hunt
Miami Beach, FL

NEDA

More Offers For Our Contributors

I am a 19-year-old bisexual woman who recently subscribed to your magazine because I am just figuring out my sexual orientation. *On Our Backs* lets me know I'm not alone. At times I'm shocked by some of the stories and pictures, but other times I really enjoy it.

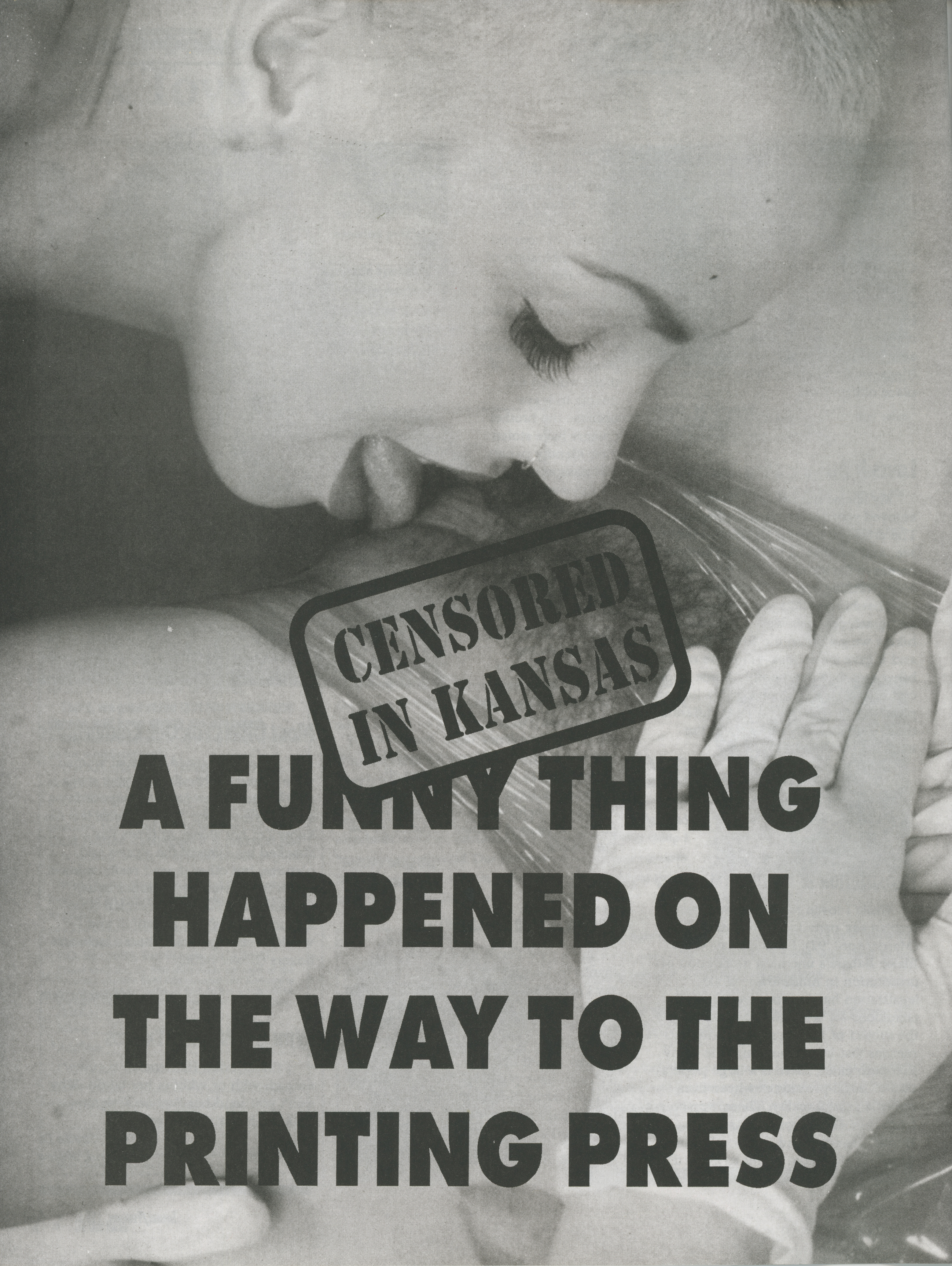
In the September/October issue, Laurence and Suzanne Sherman (Contributors' Notes) are beautiful, and I would love to get into Connie Jackson's boxers (Boxer Babe).

S.V.
Massachussetts

With Or Without Tattoos . .

I think Judith Halberstam is cute enough with or without her tattoo. Why don't you send her East on assignment—I'll keep her warm for you.

Sheila D.
Portland, Maine


CENSORED
IN KANSAS
A FUNNY THING
HAPPENED ON
THE WAY TO THE
PRINTING PRESS

These are the photos of Amanita that depict penetration and were pulled from the Nov/Dec issue of *On Our Backs*. You can see the entire pictorial in this issue as it would have originally run, starting on page 33.

BY MARCY SHEINER

The printing press has always been the symbol and instrument of democracy in our country. Today, printers are perverting the power of the press by placing themselves in an antagonistic relationship to freedom of speech. While most other businesses fall under some kind of governmental regulations, printing companies are free to pick and choose what they print based on their own personal quirks and arbitrary codes of ethics. As a magazine that publishes depictions of explicit lesbian sexuality, *On Our Backs* has repeatedly been subjected to such random censorship, but we usually aren't caught off guard, as we were with the November/December '92 issue.

Only a month ago I was sitting in front of my computer composing an editorial in celebration of our new glossy look, an editorial in which I planned to enumerate the problems inherent in the sex publishing business that had prevented *On Our Backs* from using shiny paper stock for the preceding eight years. Suddenly I heard our Art Director slam down the phone; she informed me that Dimension Graphics, the printer in Kansas that we were using for only the second time, had refused to print two of our photos. The sales rep had no idea exactly which of our photos were deemed offensive or why, but said he'd call back with that information.

Editorial staff convened around the planning board, trying to figure out which pictures were too hot for Kansas, and concluded that it must have been the "S/M Christmas Present," which included a photo of a woman being fisted. A short while later we learned that S/M was just ducky, but two photos of Amanita (see p.33) had to go.

We were stunned: Amanita was the most soft-core pictorial in the issue. She was playing with a dildo, for godsakes! But it was a *black* dildo: maybe their problem

Printers are perverting the power of the press by placing themselves in an antagonistic relationship to freedom of speech.

was racism. Or maybe they felt threatened by a woman demonstrating indifference toward flesh-and-blood dicks: their problem was homophobia.

But we had chosen Dimension Graphics precisely because they'd shown a lack of homophobia by printing *The Advocate*, and lack of sex-phobia by printing explicit heterosexual porn. True, the first boxes trucked in from Kansas had arrived with "Jesus Is The Answer" scrawled on them, but when we called the printer to protest, they assured us the religious graffiti had come from the truckers, and it would never happen again.

Over the next few days, we held several meetings to consider our options. Meanwhile, Dimension Graphics informed us that the problem with Amanita was that she was being *penetrated*.

We wondered if depictions of penetration were illegal in Kansas. There is no such federal law, but according to a 1973 Supreme Court decision, *Miller v. California*, obscenity is to be defined by "local community standards," which means that states, cities, and towns are free to enact their own ordinances against various forms of sexual material, or regulate the places and manners in which they can be sold. Thus, what's acceptable in San Francisco might be unprintable in Kansas.

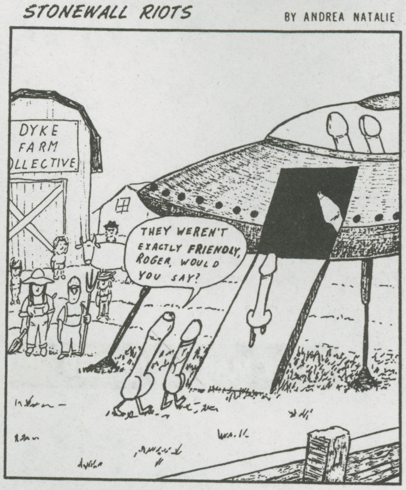
What does all this have to do with the price of paper? To begin with, most magazines of all kinds are published in the Midwest, where the lowest-priced printers are located. Because of the nature of *On Our Backs*, however, we have relied on a non-judgmental printer in San Francisco who, unfortunately, doesn't have the capacity to print us on glossy paper. To go with a more expensive local printer would have made the cost of glossy prohibitive, so we have been engaged in a perpetual search to locate a printer who is (a) affordable and (b) willing to print explicit lesbian erotica. Dimension Graphics sent us publicity materials, unsolicited. Our Art Director carefully grilled the sales rep about what they would and would not print, and was assured that even penetration would not be a problem. We were led to believe that all would go smoothly, which, except for the Jesus bit, it did—for the first issue. We were ecstatic about being printed on glossy paper, only to have our bubble burst the second time around.

This latest hassle isn't, as you can imagine, the first in the history of *On Our Backs*. Years ago we encountered a Minneapolis printer whose policy was that if one staff person was offended by any material, the printer wouldn't take the job—by this rule they refused to do our talk tape covers. Some printers, as well as advertisers, don't even bother to return our calls. Some women's bookstores refuse to carry us because they consider us anti-feminist; large chain bookstores won't carry us because we're too explicit. ➤

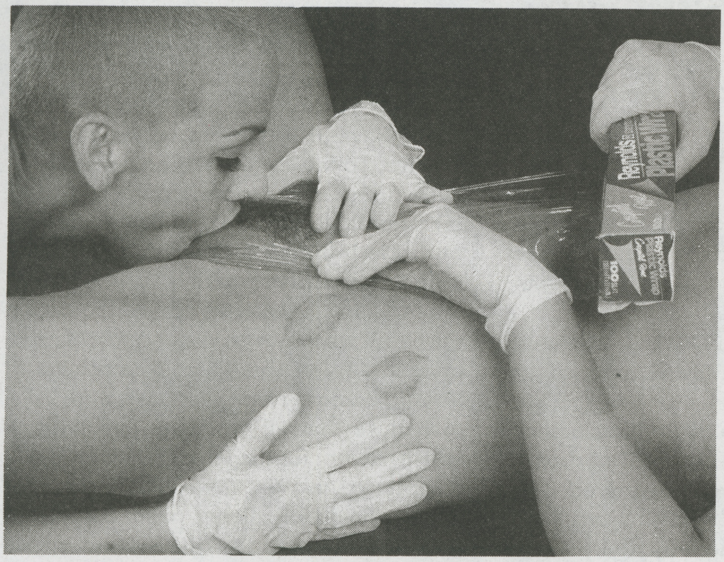
So we weren't exactly naive about what we do and what some folks think of it. What was different now was that the entire contents of the magazine—original photos, editorial copy, ads—was in the hands of a bunch of unknown white heterosexual men in Kansas. For all we knew, if we didn't cooperate with them we might never see any of it again—a major loss for us as well as for our contributors. We decided to send a new pictorial to replace the offending Amanita. A week later we received another edict from on high: Annie Sprinkle's photos of women licking pussy through saran wrap also had to go.

These photos are not only hot, they are essential educational tools. They represent a very rare phenomenon: graphic portrayals of how lesbians can protect themselves from sexually transmitted diseases. It enraged us that a group of uninformed printers could prevent the dissemination of this information, but we were in a vulnerable position. We bit the bullet, sent replacement photos, and vowed this would be the last Dimension Graphics ever saw of us. Which is why the magazine you hold in your hands is once again on non-glossy paper.

If a company puts itself out as a printer of adult materials, then they shouldn't exhibit prudery and sex-negativity.



***Girljock* cartoon censored by printers.**



This and the opening photo by Annie Sprinkle were deemed by Dimension Graphics too obscene to print.

Once the magazine was safely printed and en route to our subscribers, I phoned the printer and inquired as to which laws I should be aware of in planning future issues of *On Our Backs*. He ran a rap about penetration, explicit or implied. Yes, I said, we understand, but exactly which law does this fall under? He unabashedly informed me that his policy had nothing whatever to do with the law, that it was "a corporate policy decision." I asked if his business had ever come under governmental scrutiny. Nope, he said, it never had, but just as some printers don't print nudity at all, "This is where we draw the line. These are our personal mores."

Only later did we discover that his company's "personal mores" included defacing other people's property; the original photo for an ad we regularly run was marred by some juvenile at Dimension Graphics, who used a pen to exaggerate the size of a woman's anus and vagina. This is the mentality of the people who have a stranglehold on the dissemination of sexual materials in this country.

We have since learned that other sex magazines have had similar experiences with Dimension Graphics: when *FutureSex* sent their second issue there to be printed, they were also told that some images were deemed unprintable.

By actively soliciting business from publishers of sexual materials, then asking them to tone down their work, Dimension Graphics is employing tactics alarmingly similar to those used by the anti-abortion movement, who pose as "abortion counselors" and then show vulnerable pregnant women grisly films of aborted fetuses.

Although we ourselves haven't confronted printer censorship in San Francisco, the problem is not confined to the Midwest. One issue of *Taste of Latex* was delayed a month when a San Francisco printer didn't tell editrix Lily Braindrop until the very last minute that he wouldn't print some of her photos. Another local press refused to print an "offensive" cartoon in *Girljock*, the sports women's zine; the cartoon in question was Andrea Natalie's depiction of penises walking onto a space ship after being made to feel unwelcome at a lesbian farm. Editor Roxxie got her revenge by switching printers and turning the next issue of *Girljock* into a smutfest.

Bobby Lilly of Californians Against Censorship Together (Cal-Act) attributes such incidents to a "censorious atmosphere" in the country, and adds that such business practices are reprehensible. She says that if a company puts itself out as a printer of adult materials, then they shouldn't exhibit prudery and sex-negativity.

"They're drawing irrational lines with no connection to reality," she says. "If they're going to print erotic material then they should print it."

It's as if a window washer cleaned the windows on the first and second stories of your house, but when he got to the third floor he saw something inside he didn't like, so he refused to do those windows—and, to add insult to injury, expected to be paid for the whole job!

There's a light glimmering through the unwashed windows, though. For one thing, *On Our Backs* is alerting other publishers in the industry, and has begun organizing a joint effort to take back the power of the press. For another, our old faithful sex-positive San Francisco printers are about to upgrade their equipment and will eventually have the capacity to print *On Our Backs* on glossy paper. Hopefully we'll soon be shiny again, and still as nasty as we wanna be! Δ

NOTE: Ask Fanny will return next issue.

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

PENETRATION? what is it and who defines it

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BITCHY BUTCH AND THE FURVERTS

If I said I spent the weekend with some men in make-up, some women in very little, some tattooed love boys and girls, some furverts, trekkies, nerds, geeks, and a lot of pre-adolescent baseball-capped boys, where would you guess I was? (a) a sex party for all ages and genders (b) the Republican Party Convention; or (c) a Comix Convention? For those of you who picked (c) I only hope your experience with comix nerds was as perverse as mine.

After venturing into Superhero air space last issue ("Queer Creatures"), I thought I'd try to find out where the girls are when it comes to scribbling fantasy and fiction in cartoon form. Of course we all know about *Dykes To Watch Out For*, Alison Bechdel's soap opera in five frames—but what you may not know is that there's a vibrant and nasty underground comix scene out there. While it's still a little thin on lesbian narratives, there are, nonetheless, some comix "dykes to watch out for."

Possibly the best known queer female comix artist is Roberta Gregory of *Naughty Bits*. She also contributes to *Gay Comix* and has, in her two decades of cartooning, been featured in *Wimmin's Comix* and *Tits and Clits*. Gregory's *Naughty Bits* is a hilarious and sometimes rageful story of the adventures of Bitchy Bitch (sometimes encountered as Hippie Bitch, Bitsy Bitch, Bitchy Butch and Crazy Bitch). Bitchy Bitch is the world's crabbiest woman. Another of Gregory's characters is Denise, an active

Comix, like zines, are a perfect place to explore fantasies—violent, sexual, or otherwise.

bisexual who takes shit from both men and women—dykes complain she's not really a lesbian if she sleeps with men, and the men she's attracted to always turn out to be arrogant SOB's or insecure wimps.

Gregory's first comic book, *Dynamite Damsels*, was self-published in 1971, which made it the first issue of a comic book to be put out by a woman. True to its age, *DD* explores the ups and downs of the coming of age of the feminist movement. It features debates between straight women and lesbians, and includes a very convincing butch-femme couple who've been ostracized by both straight and lesbian feminists. It's easy to see that even in those early days Gregory had a distinct problem with political orthodoxies. In *Dynamite Damsels* she depicts the joys and sorrows of coming out as a lesbian and the incongruities between politics and sex.

Fifteen years later, Gregory is still exploring the relationship between desire and politics, and, as Bitchy Bitch knows all too well, there is no possible easy alliance. In one issue of *Naughty Bits*, "Those Marvellous Men," Bitchy Bitch the radical feminist loathes a guy in her office; at night, however, she dreams about fucking him. Her nightly wet dreams about the guy lead to ever more violent daydreams about him: the more she wants to fuck him, the more she wants to blow his dick off. This, as you can imagine, leads to a very bitchy Bitchy Bitch. In all the comix that I read by women, gay or straight, I would have to say that none came close to Gregory's *Naughty Bits* in terms of expressing uncompromising rage at misogyny and sexism.

Gregory is at her best when she merges perverse sexuality with perverse politics. *Artistic Licentiousness*, for example, features several scenes of fantasized sexual encounters between lesbians and centaurs or satyrs. The character Denise crawls into her bed at night wearing a distinctly unsexy "Hug Me Goodnite" teddy bear T-shirt, and then spends the night in the never-never land of politically incorrect dreams where she's repeatedly fucked by "pony pricks."

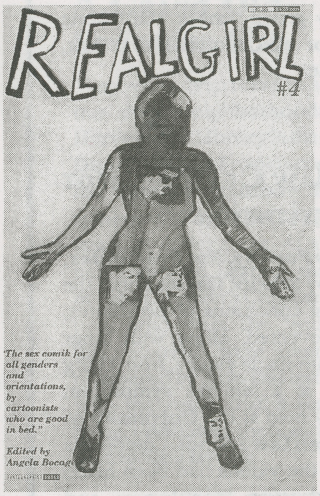
Less perverse but just as interesting is Gregory's specifically dykey character, Bitchy Butch. Bitchy Butch is Bitchy Bitch and

JUDITH HALBERSTAM

then some. Walking around with a perpetual scowl on her face, Bitchy Butch grimaces at straight men and leers at their girlfriends. She embodies a kind of 70's man-hating anger that refuses to remain harnessed to specific issues but explodes all over the page, transforming everyday encounters into opportunities to rant and rave.

While Gregory has her own series, other queer artists publish in zine-like issues of alternative comix. *Real Girl*, edited by Angela Bocage and billed as "the sex comik for all genders and orientations by cartoonists who are good in bed," seems to bridge the gap between zines and comix. *Real Girl* features some experimental strips that blend cartoon images with realistic scenery and collage. In Issue No. 4, Sabrina Jones mixes and matches photographic images to form weird and twisted genitals within a pro-abortion story. Roxxie, editor of the queer zine *Girljock*, has a story called "Boys and Sex" in *Real Girl* No. 4. She too mixes line drawings with photographs and cartoon characters, and includes typewritten journal-entry commentary that narrates one girl's rejection of "boys and sex" for girl sex.

My personal favorite in this issue was "Ugly Sex: A Real Life Fairy Tale," by Judy Becker. Becker narrates a young girl's introduction and reaction to the "ugly sex" of heterosexualty. Becker, like Gregory, refuses to aestheticize sex and presents sex and sexual acts in all their ugly details, zits and all. In this respect comix become more "realistic" than, say, an air-brushed photograph.



Finally, in *Real Girl*, there was a compelling story of Joan of Arc as a tale of heroic tranvestism. A dyke narrates the story to a friend to illustrate the ways in which queer sexuality has always been kept in check by more or less organized forms of gay-bashing. At the end of the strip, the cafe table where the two characters are sitting is raided by the "Cartoon Police" who tell them, "yer unner arrest fer talking like queers 'n' fer lookin' worse." The best part about comik reality, of course, is that it is well under editorial control, so our two queers beat up the cops and escape on their motorbike.

(continued on page 39)

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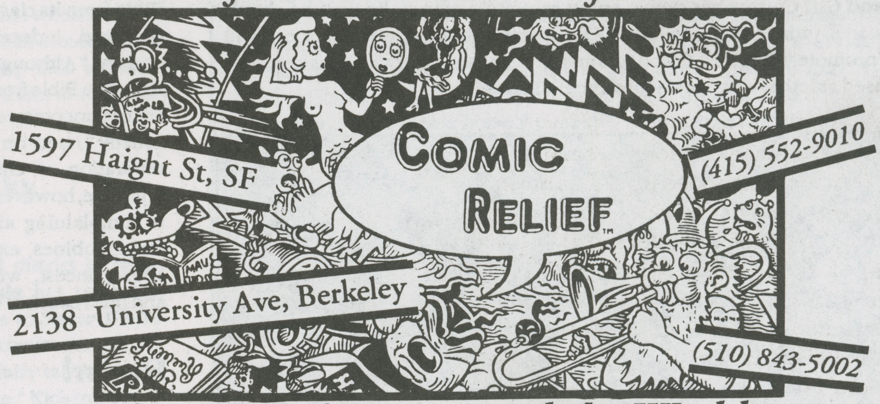

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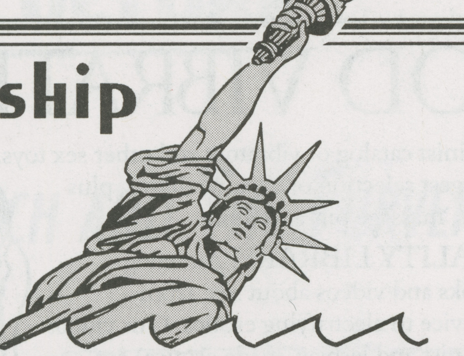
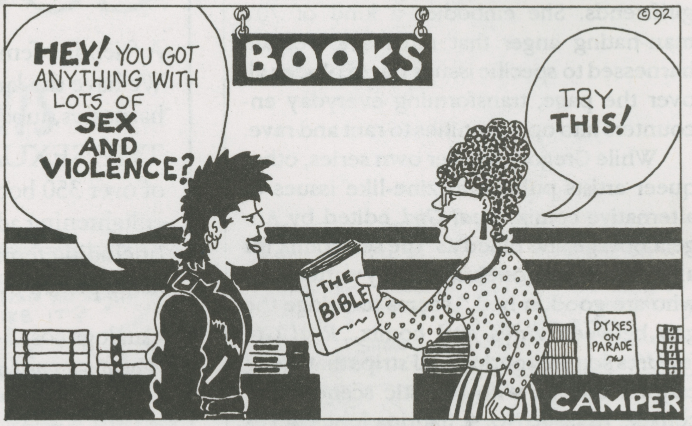
Censorship Update

by Marcy Sheiner



This column brings you information about the wave of censorship threatening and often stifling free expression. So that you can keep reading On Our Backs and other "subversive" materials, take a stand. Be informed. Fight censorship.



Violent Bras

Owings Mills, Maryland recently joined Hillsborough County, Florida in its persecution of women's underthings. The **Love Ones Lingerie and Gift Center** has drawn angry protesters who claim that the shop's wares, which include no XXX videos, books, or magazines, will "promote violence." Come to think of it, those underwire bras *could* be used as lethal weapons—for strangling these nitwits.

KATHERINE KELLOGG

Debbie Moore and the X-plicit Players

Free Breast Movement

Maybe Marylanders should just go to **Berkeley, California,** where they can dispense with lingerie entirely. These days, the home of the **Free Speech Movement** is brewing its own little **Nudity Movement.** On the streets, **Debbie Moore** of the **X-Plicit Players** has taken to strolling through town top-free, that is, breasts exposed, gathering allies and opponents en route. On one stroll she and her companion were placed under citizens arrest by a local pastor, and on another occasion she was arrested by police at the train station. Meanwhile, at the university, **Andrew Martinez**, known as "The Naked Guy," meandered around campus in the buff, until the university banned public nakedness and "sexually offensive conduct." There's no law against mere nudity in California, so the D.A. doesn't want to try these cases in court, and police have been told to stop making arrests.

Ban the Bible

An atheist in **Minnesota** wants his school district to remove the Bible from its classrooms because of "lewd, indecent, and violent content." Although attempts to remove the Bible from public schools are not uncommon, objections are usually based on the concept of separation of church and state. This time, however, **Gene Kasmar** is complaining about references to concubines, explicit sex, child abuse, incest, wine, nakedness, and mistreatment of women.

Resist!

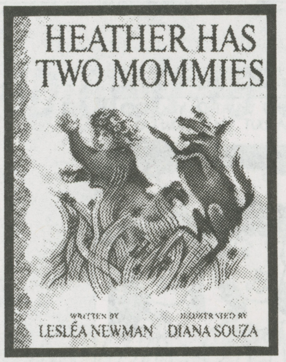
As censorship attempts increase, so do resistance groups. **The Literary Network,** jointly administered by **Poets & Writers** and the **Council of Literary Magazines and Presses,** can be contacted at **154 Christopher Street, New York, NY 10014** or by calling **(212) 741-9110. Feminists For Free Expression,** which began as an ad hoc group to protest the **Pornography Victims' Compensation Act,** has formed a national **Speakers Bureau,** available to address groups and classes about feminism, pornography, and censorship. For information call **(212) 721-5128.** The **Fully Informed Jury Association** (FIJA) is sending "Jury Education Teams" around the country to tell jurors about their right to judge not only the facts of the case but the law under which the defendants are being charged, a little-known constitutional right since 1794. Call **(406) 793-5550.**

Many local organizations are springing up throughout the country, including **Floridians for Freedom,** the **Pennsylvania Freedom to Learn Network,** the **Kansas City Coalition Against Censorship,** and the **Boston Coalition for Freedom of Expression.** To find out if your town has formed an anti-censorship group, check the phone book or call information. If not, start one!

Outlaw Censors, Not Prostitution

Outlaw Poverty, Not Prostitutes, a film by **Scarlot Harlot** about the working conditions of prostitutes, was prevented, along with other prostitute-made videos, from being shown at a feminist symposium recently held at the **University of Michigan Law School.** Complaints against the videos had been made by **Catherine Mackinnon** and **Andrea Dworkin**, who were upset because one, by New York sex worker/performance artist **Vernonica Vera,** showed her testifying against anti-porn ordinances the gruesome twosome had supported. They convinced the students, who pulled the videos without viewing them, that the material was offensive and would impair their safety. By the way, **MacKinnon** and **Dworkin** head the list of **ACLU's 1992 Censors of the Year,** joining such illustrious company as **Ollie North** and **NEA Director Anne-Imelda Radice.**

Thanks to the following sources for much of the information contained in this column: *Adult Video News;* Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD); Californians Against Censorship (Cal-Act); the ACLU; and *The Spectator.*



We Wish Fundamentalists Were Extinct

In **East Providence, Rhode Island,** the **Roger Williams Park Zoo** caved in to fundamentalist Christians by removing a billboard that showed a winged dinosaur hovering menacingly over the words, "Thank God for evolution." Fundamentalists called the sign "blasphemy" and the theory of evolution "filth."

A Grand Old Sodomite Flag

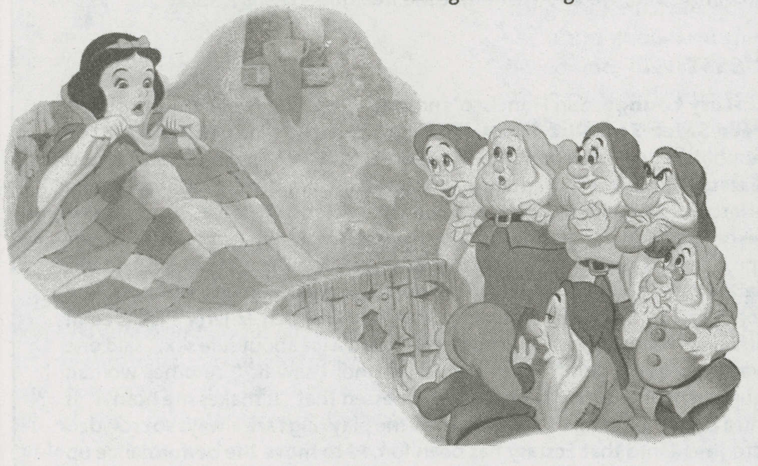
They won't even leave us alone in our own neighborhoods! The **Harvey Milk Library** in the **Castro District of San Francisco,** which has kept the **Rainbow Flag,** a symbol of Gay Pride, outside for years, is under siege. At a recent neighborhood hearing, members of Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition, who want the "sodomite" flag removed, were greatly outnumbered by gays and lesbians—with the result that it remained flying. Undaunted, the homophobes plan to file a lawsuit.

Let 'Em Wonder

Yet another fundamentalist group, **Concerned Women for America,** is waging war on **Alyson Wonderland,** a line of children's books put out by **Alyson Press** that includes such titles as *Daddy's Roommate, Heather Has Two Mommies,* and *Gloria Goes to Gay Pride.* According to **Adrien Saks** of Alyson's Publicity Department, the lay-dies object to giving children "access to material that says being gay or lesbian is okay." In a frightening new trend in repression tactics, would-be censors have simply been checking the books out of libraries and never returning them. Noting that "librarians have gone to the mat for us on this one," **Sasha Alyson** donated new copies to replace the confiscated goods. It seems that when it comes to sexual orientation, a lot of people would rather keep kids wondering than expose them to real educational tools.

Those Kinky Dwarves

A public school district in **Jacksonville, Florida** has restricted children's access to ***Snow White*** in response to parental complaints that the classic fairy tale contains "graphic violence." Kids must now obtain parental consent to check the book out of school libraries. *Snow White* is but one of 348 books targeted for banning from school libraries last year. Authors most frequently accused of being offensive were **Judy Blume, Roald Dahl** and **Mark Twain**—for writing too much about sex or not enough about religion.



McCarthyism in the 90s

Censorious minds may appear to be totally feeble, but they're incredibly adept at locating the pulse of contemporary culture. In the 50s it was Hollywood; in the 90s it's the recording industry, or, more specifically, rock and rap music. The current witchhunts began some years ago when **Tipper Gore**, now our nation's Second Lady, heard **Prince** singing the praises of female masturbation in **"Darling Nikki,"** and formed the **Parent's Music Resource Center**, whose professed goal was to "protect" kids by slapping "parental advisory" stickers onto "explicit" recordings. Tipper, an old rocker herself, probably didn't realize what she was starting: her crusade has escalated the age-old war waged by parents on their kids' access to music. The PMRC, which has gotten frightfully powerful, objects not only to sexual content, but also to topics like adultery, suicide, Satanism, and drug and alcohol use. In the last few years we've seen **2 Live Crew** arrested for obscenity, and government harrassment of shopkeepers who sell their records. While this case gained international notoriety, less publicized attempts to suppress music have included boycotts, stock divestitures, bomb threats, and at least one police raid on a performance; the latter incident occurred when a heavy-metal band used phallic-shaped squirting fish and dismembered mannequins as theatrical props. In **Nebraska** they've enacted a law that forces music stores to segregate "potentially offensive" albums or install a warning plaque near the cash register stating that minors may not purchase them. **Washington** recently enacted a law which forces merchants to place "adults only" labels on albums deemed offensive by a judge. Some music chains are afraid to ship records with the advisory label to malls in conservative neighborhoods.

The biggest controversy centers around inner-city rappers who suggest revenge against cops, such as **Ice-T** and his song **"Cop Killer."** After boycotts of **Warner Bros. Records,** Ice-T voluntarily dropped the track from his album. In the wake of the brouhaha, several labels have asked rappers to rerecord or delete potentially controversial songs from upcoming albums, and less popular rappers are finding it more difficult to get their work recorded.

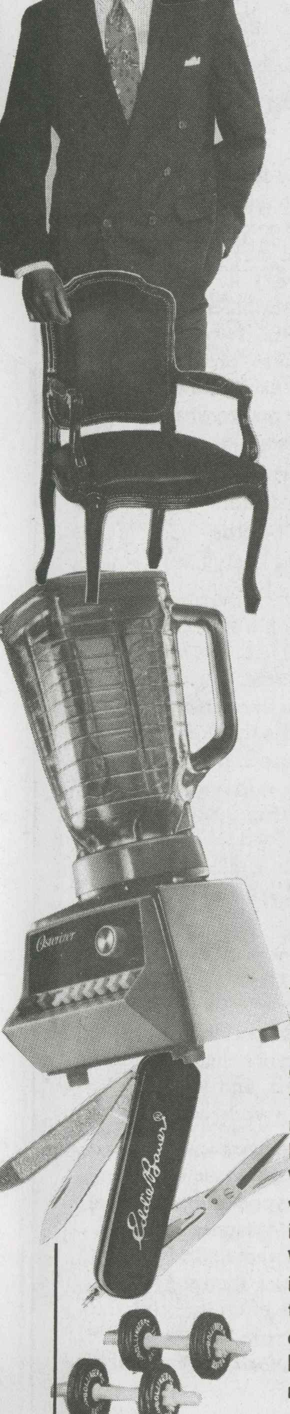
The results of the McCarthy Era were ruined lives, lost jobs, and even suicides. A more insidious side effect was that the intelligent, witty, and socially relevant films of Hollywood's heyday were replaced by an eternal mindless summer featuring tanned teeanagers cavorting giddily on the beach. If you don't want to find yourself with only Muzak to soothe your savage breast, then support the **ACLU,** which is engaged in a concerted effort to stop this horrifying trend. Their **Arts Censorship Project** distributes an excellent newsletter; write to them at **132 W. 43rd St., New York, NY 10036.**

NewsNotes

by Shar Rednour

What Every Self-Respecting Butch Should Own

The August issue of ***Men's Health*** listed "25 things every man should own." We couldn't fail to notice that among these were many items that no self-respecting butch would do without. They included a Swiss Army Knife, a comfortable chair, a dumbbell, a universal remote control, a pair of dress shoes that cost too much, a Frank Sinatra album, and condoms. Some items were, not surprisingly, simply too boring for dykes—such as a blue suit: a good butch owns a quality dinner jacket, silk smoking jacket, or a classic tuxedo, if not all three. She may or may not own a blender, but *of course* keeps a corkscrew in every glove compartment, saddle bag, or briefcase. And a fishing rod? Please! She has a manicure kit for devoting precise attention to peak performance of *her* hands' favorite sport.



Women Are Watching

A political action group calling itself **Women's Action Coalition,** or WAC, is springing up in cities all across America. What began in New York as a spontaneous response to the **Anita Hill/ Clarence Thomas** hearings is spreading to Los Angeles, Toronto, and San Francisco, among others. In addition to focussing on a laundry list of women's issues, WAC has protested the **NEA**'s underfunding of sexually oriented and gay and lesbian related art, leading us to hope that what appears to be a resurgence of feminism won't get bogged down by anti-sex repressors. WAC's no-bullshit slogan is "WAC is watching. We will take action." For information call **(212) 967-7711, ext. WACO.** Another burgeoning coalition is **WHAM,** or **Women's Health Action & Mobilization.** The group focuses on women's health issues, publishes a newsletter, and works to ensure reproductive freedom and quality health care for women. For info call **(212) 713-5966.**

There's No Forgetting Northampton

First there was the ***National Enquirer*** article calling **Northampton, Massachussetts** "Lesbianville, U.S.A." Then **Barbara Walters** put them on **20/20** to show the world the strange town that has a one-in-seven dyke ratio. Walters didn't just tell us about the town that men forgot, though—she cheerily led viewers through the ABCs of lesbianism! America learned that some lesbians drive Rolls Royces, some have children, some own homes, and we have sex in beds—basically we're "just like everybody else," except we all wear Birkenstocks and look alike. She did make some rather important distinctions—for instance, she presented a masculine woman and informed viewers, "This is a butch." Then she showed us a woman in a skirt, noting, "This is a femme." Meanwhile, the *National Enquirer* article that brought Northampton so much attention to begin with was done in classic sleazewad style. After running a portion of the piece in our subscription ad, we recieved a call from one of the women pictured in the article, who informed us that she and her girlfriend had had no idea they would appear in the tabloid. They were never interviewed by a reporter, and have no clue who took the picture. They begged us not to run the photo again, saying that their lives had been in an uproar for months, and they just wanted to forget the whole thing. Forgetting it won't be easy, though—the media has turned Northampton into the Lesbos of 20th century America.

Lesbos Moves To Prime Time

If you're embarrassed to have your parents learn about lesbianism from 20/20's portrayal of clone dykes, tell them to switch channels and get a look at **Sandra Bernhardt** and **Morgan Fairchild** as lovers on **Roseanne**—they met at a cosmetics counter where Fairchild is a makeup artist. As Roseanne said, we know who got the free gift! Tuesdays at 9.

Pssst....

Ecstasy Lounge, San Francisco's notorious sex club, frequently hosts the **Peer Safer Sex Slut Team (PSST),** a group of women dedicated to combatting denial around the issue of lesbians and sexually transmitted disease. Funded by a grant from **AmFar,** PSST targets the high-risk group of lesbians who pick up chicks at sex or dance clubs. On stage the saucy safe sexperts perform skits showing how to cruise, how to say "yes," how to say "no," and how to ask for what you want. They use every kind of sex paraphernalia under the sun—from the usual dildos, gloves, vibrators, and condoms, to the more esoteric candle wax and Ben & Jerry's ice cream! Audience response has been positive. "I read a lot about safe sex," said one woman, "but it didn't make any sense until I saw it. " Another woman laughed, a little embarrassed, and confessed that "It makes me horny!" It must do the same for a lot of women—the play rings are always so crowded after the demo that Ecstasy has been forced to move the performance up from midnight to 11:00.

Addicted to Love Acts . . .

I am a girl porn addict. In these days of admitted addictions to everything from chocolate to cocaine, I will stand up and confess mine. I am a habitual girl porn user, and recovery is the furthest thing from my mind. You'll find no support group here, no 12-steps to honor one day at a time—just blatant reveling in any triple-X love act on which I can get my perverted paws.

It started simply enough. Babysitting when I was 12, I noticed a stack of *Playboys* and *Penthouses* resting in an oak magazine rack next to the toilet. Sure, now I think of those publications as kid stuff, but they were quite appropriate at the time. As I flipped through the glossy pictorials I felt a stirring in my loins, a tingling sensation so strong that I had to throw myself against any and every bathroom fixture to rub my little private area until I came all over the girls, posed in ways I wouldn't get to try out until several years later.

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

So you've got a beautiful stripper in your lap: now what?

In the beginning, I waited until the kids were in bed, but soon just locking them outside the bathroom was good enough. Besides, with all that practice, I was getting pretty quick.

I daydreamed about she-and-she love acts all through junior high, never daring to interject myself into the action. By high school, my parents were subscribing to cable television and an adult movie channel, so the action went from still photos to motion pictures. There was, however, one small hitch: since I couldn't drag the TV into the bathroom, I had to find new household objects to hump. To this day my parents can't figure out how the arms of our antique wing-backed chairs got worn out so quickly.

Cum shots and traditional hetero sex bored me; I just wanted to see girls. I wanted to see them caressing, licking, fucking each other with foreign objects. I wanted to *be* one of them. Suddenly I became the star of my own daydreams. I saw myself frolicking and committing sins of the flesh with all my favorite porn stars—to this day I'm seeking a girlfriend who looks like Ginger Lynn. It's no exaggeration to say that I owe my lesbian awakening to the adult movie industry.

BY GENTRY LANE

Soon it was time to go to college. Along with liberation from curfews and family rules, I was now free to rent any movie I pleased and watch it any time I wanted on my very own VCR. There was only one video store that rented pornos in my small college town; needless to say, they soon knew me by name.

Now I've moved right into the heart of the sex industry; San Francisco has smut galore—and I love it. If it says "Live Nude Girlz" in front, you can bet that I've graced the establishment. Scattered throughout the city, these strip theaters offer lusty ladies morning, noon, and night. The smaller theaters with the 25-cent viewing booths—such as the woman-owned Lusty Lady—will do when I'm on a budget, but once or twice a month I save up for the grandmamma's of them all: I head over to Mitchell Brothers or the Century Theater and treat myself to a night in the lap of erotica.

Nothing beats a moist, fresh pink pussy pushed into my face while I sit comfortably in a plush velour chair. Naked beauty after naked beauty shimmies and undulates just inches away from me for hours on end. When I tire of watching the traditional strip tease, I can live out my favorite voyeuristic fantasy: several girls, moist from their own juices and the steady stream of water bathe under a stage-sized shower before my very eyes. It's like a sorority sleepover gone wrong. I want to jump on stage and fuck them, but have to settle, for a few extra dollars, on watching them fuck themselves or each other.

I am not particularly hard up for women, and am fortunate enough to enjoy an active sex life. But it's not often that I get to step back and watch. I've seen many pussies getting licked, but it was usually my tongue doing the licking. This way I get to enjoy the passion from every angle.

(continued on page 38)

Photography by Annie Sprinkle

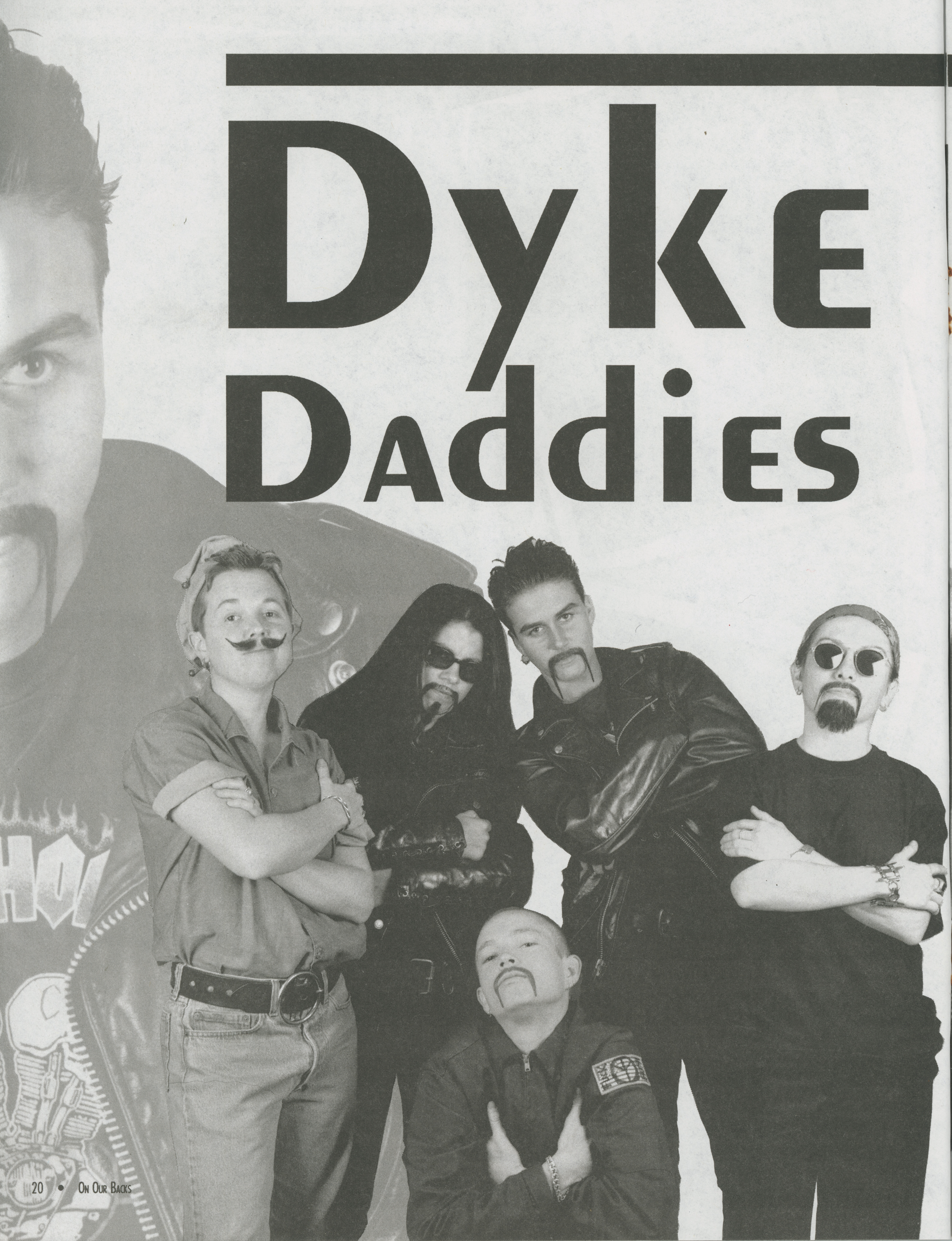
Trash performs all around the New York City party scene, including at the Clit Club. Her name, taken from an Andy Warhol drag queen, is only the most recent of many incarnations to match her changing personas. "I don't abide by any given rules," she says. "I don't believe in top/bottom, male/female, or butch/femme. There are certainly more choices to be made." Most of her lovers are go-go dancers and prostitutes, with an occasional transvestite thrown in. She hates labels, but if she had to adopt one it would be "Herosexual."

Trash expresses her fluid identity in her performances. She never knows beforehand exactly what she'll wear or look like—she stunned Joan Rivers, who was expecting a "normal" cross-dresser, by appearing on her show in full matador drag. "I was told to appear as much like a heterosexual male as possible," she laughs. With her huge painted moustache, she was used as a comparison to the other cross-dressers, and became a foil for Rivers' humor. But Trash bears no ill-will. "Rumor has it," she says, "that Joan's got a terrible crush on me."

Trash can be seen in the Sluts and Goddesses Video Workshop or How To Be a Sex Goddess in 101 Easy Steps, *produced and directed by Maria Beatty and Annie Sprinkle.*

Trash feels that this is an exciting time because "new lesbian identities are being discovered and created." She notes, for instance, that when she started performing five years ago, there was a lot of hostility to her male persona that doesn't exist today. "Sexuality and gender isn't automatically guaranteed because of our physical makeup," she says, and admits to having "phantom dreams about my cock—like it's a missing limb."But this doesn't mean she's "male identified" or "gender dysphoric." "Gender doesn't pertain to some of us," she says. "If we were all secure about our sexuality and knew it was constantly in flux, then we'd be far more tolerant and compassionate. Our instinct as human beings is to transcend differences. We just don't know how to go about it."

Dyke Daddies



Photography by Cathy Opie

Hands fidget, eyes roll, legs are crossed and recrossed. Finally the dam bursts. "Daddy, can't I be excused, *please*?"

It's an entreaty heard in millions of households—except this time the speaker is a 27-year-old woman—and "Daddy," three years older, is an annual participant in Gay Freedom Day's Dykes on Bikes contingent.

This scene wouldn't go over big in Peoria—but does it even pass muster in the women's leather community? When I brought up the subject of dyke daddies to some S/M pals, the remarks were not encouraging.

"Who would want to play with incest?" asked one woman.

"It reminds me of the fall of Rome," said another.

"You *can* go too far, you know," said a third.

And yet, when the First Annual Dyke Daddy Contest was held in San Francisco early this year, it attracted a full house of spectators and participants, as well as a panel of judges who chose B.C. Cliver as 1992's winner.

"I don't think dyke daddies are a fad," says Cliver. "I think of it more as another facet of women's sexuality that's finally come to the surface. The feelings were always there, only now there's a label for them. 'Daddy' is a lot closer to who I am than 'Mistress.'"

No argument there: Cliver, 30, who freelances as a personal trainer at a number of gyms in San Francisco, is a bodybuilder and looks it. She flexes her biceps, tips her black leather cap forward, and waves a finger at her "little girl," 27-year-old Bobbi Marshall. Marshall snaps to, fetching a spoon so that Cliver can muddle the foam in her cappuccino.

"Part of it's being a butch top," Cliver continues. "But being a daddy means there's a lot of tenderness involved. Maybe it allows butch dykes to give the kind of nurturing you can as a mother. After all, most of us aren't going to have children."

We don't usually associate topping with nurturing—yet anyone who enjoys playing with power knows there's a lot of nurturing on both sides of the S/M equation. And that emphasis on caring—the protective cloak that daddy wraps around his charges—is, according to everyone I spoke with, the single most unifying characteristic of daddy play.

So why are my buddies sounding the death knell of Western civilization? ➤

by Linnea Due

A participant at a recent seminar on daddy play had a partial answer. "I hesitated to attend this program," she admitted. "It's too intimate. And it's really different for each person. Some people have been incested and are really into playing daddy. It helps them deal with their childhood experiences. And some haven't, and are into it. And some people are just really upset about it, both those who've survived incest and those who didn't have to deal with that."

"When I'm being daddy," she continued, "and I don't feel like I'm *playing*—the person I am with one lover isn't the same person I am with someone else. And however daunting a role may appear—like if I'm supposed to be an abuser—when I'm in that role I'm in a delicate and vulnerable place."

This observation apparently struck a nerve, because a number of tops leapt in to complain that bottoms assume they're all-powerful.

"They think you're their parents, and they start unleashing all this hostility on you," said one woman.

Another woman agreed, "I know. I never thought when I got into this that I could end up with a rebellious teenager on my hands. When you take on this dynamic, it's fraught. Age play, incest, those kinds of taboos can be really playing daddy doesn't have to be about incest at all."

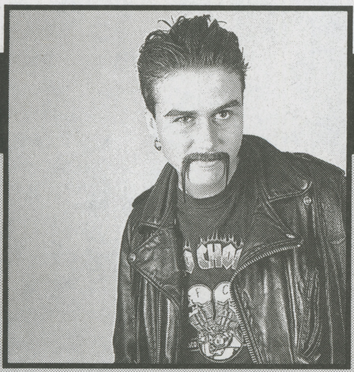
B.C. Cliver agrees; in fact, when I mention incest to her, she grimaces. "I know too many women who've been incested for that to appeal to me. I've done a couple incest scenes and it was hot, but afterwards both the bottom and I were really unsettled. I understand how other people could enjoy it, but it's not for me."

Cliver's "little girl" agrees. "Even without incest," says Marshall, "some stuff about playing daddy is hard. My father was an alcoholic with a volcanic temper. He used to order us around—get me this, do that. Then along comes B.C. At first when she'd tell me to get her something, I'd cringe. We had to work it out. I can answer back with her. When she gets short-tempered, most of the time she's hungry. I tell her to go eat a bagel. I could never do that with my father. He might kill me."

Cliver says she started playing daddy when she was in a relationship with a woman who owned a dog."Whenever I walked in the door, the dog would start jumping around, and my girlfriend would say, 'Daddy's home.' It just fell into line." She touches Marshall's hand. "When I met this one, I told her that's how I wanted it to be."

Marshall, a strawberry blond who's a peer counselor and student at San Francisco City College, smiles. "When B.C. said she wanted to be my daddy, she told me to pick an age. 'What are you talking about?' I said. 'I've got an age!'"

Cliver shakes her head. "Obnoxious," she tells me. *(continued on page 40)*



Cathy Opie Shoots Daddy

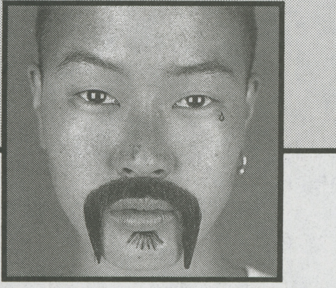
It's not surprising that Los Angeles-based photographer Cathy Opie, who's been playing with and photographing genderbending for years, has focused her lens on the growing Dyke Daddy cult. Opie may in fact be the first photographer to capture female daddies with her camera—she says she was among the first S/M dykes to get into the daddy scene at all. She reports, however, that all her playmates have left L.A. for San Francisco, where many are taking male hormones and identifying as female-to-male transsexuals, a phenomenon, she says, that at first horrified her.

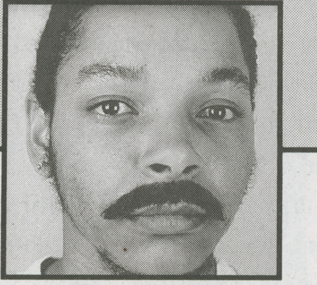
"Until they talked to me about it," she says, "I couldn't accept it at all. But sexuality and gender are confusing issues. Playing a daddy doesn't necessarily mean that someone wants to be male, and transsexuals don't all play daddy games. My FTM friends say they've always been male-identified."

The models in these pictures, who bear colorful names like Pig Pen, Papa Bear, and Wolf, don't want to be men or even pass as male full-time, but, like the women described in this article, enjoy acting out male fantasies. Though they may hang out in gay men's bars flaunting their mustaches, these "papas" are strongly women-identified. And if they resemble Chicano street gang members it's because they live in L.A. and are fascinated by the gang subculture.

Although Opie is a very out lesbian, her work is recognized in the mainstream art world more so than in the gay community. "It's important for me to do both," she says. "My material comes from my life and my friends, and then I take it into the mainstream. But it's also really important to me to put my work out in the gay community."

Being and Having is Opie's collection of 14 color portraits depicting various forms of genderbending. The show has been presented in galleries in New York and Los Angeles. Opie's work will also appear in an upcoming issue of *ArtForum*.





She Moves Me

Photos by Helen Petersen

It must be something like
the tingling in the finger
on the trigger

or that quivering of a hungry child's lips
waiting to be fed

It's just gotta be like
the Earth and the Moon
passing one another in orbit
catching but small glimpses of the Universe

It must be like an unleashed scream
in a silent cathedral
Holy-Jesus-Fucking-Mary

She holds the reins
of her life
She lets the dead weight
roll off her back
She moves
unmatched
unscathed
she stuns me
like gravity and atmosphere
from the tenth floor
She meets the pavement
and stands tall

Cat's eyes on fire
She's got lightning
shoved in her back pocket—
And nobody but the devil and the deep blue
sea
can sink this woman
cause that's
how she moves me.

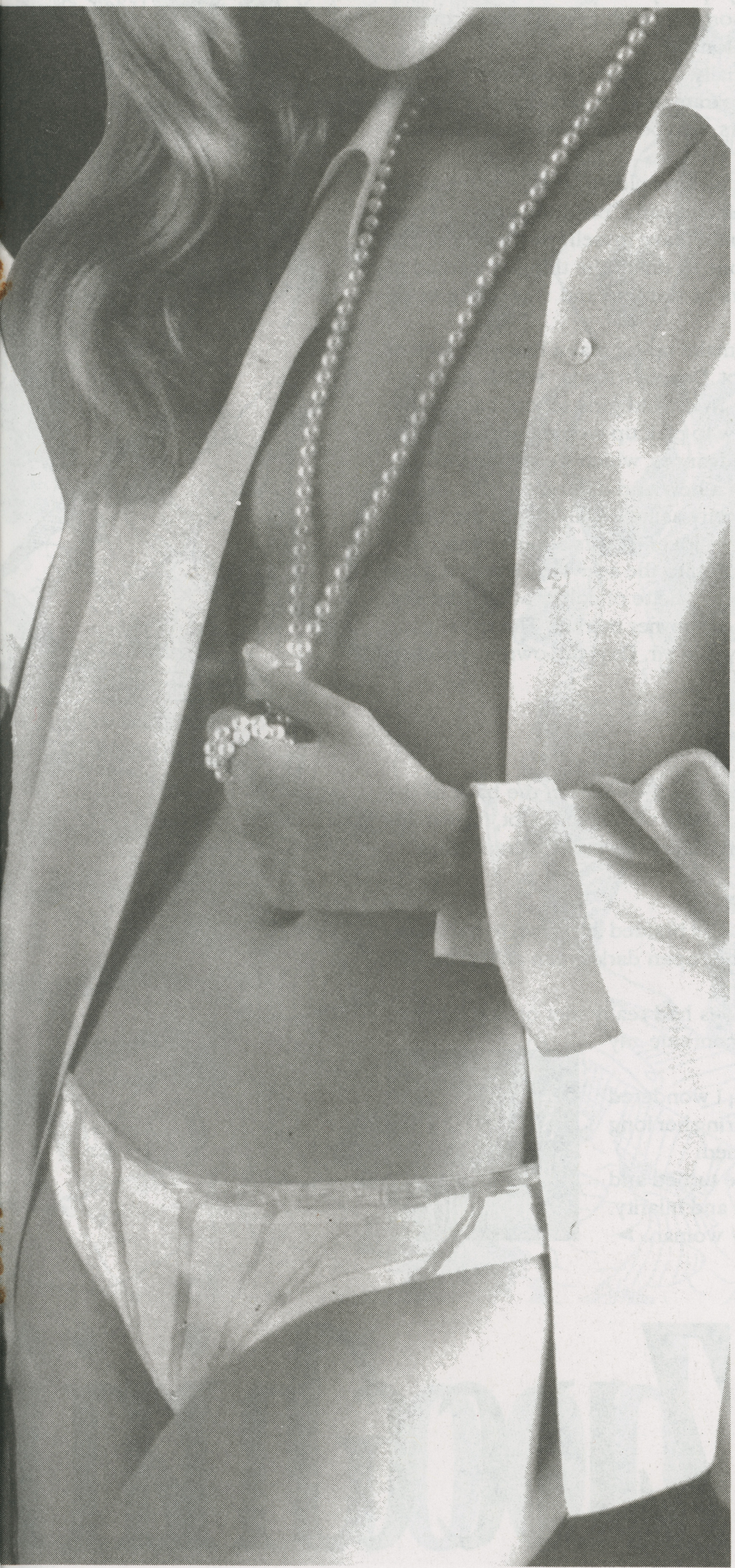
{Poem for Elizabeth by Wendy-O-Matic}

She pulled on my hanging tits, forcing me to bend so ta

Photo Collage by
NEDA

at my nipples grazed the bed.

fiction by
TERRY MOORE



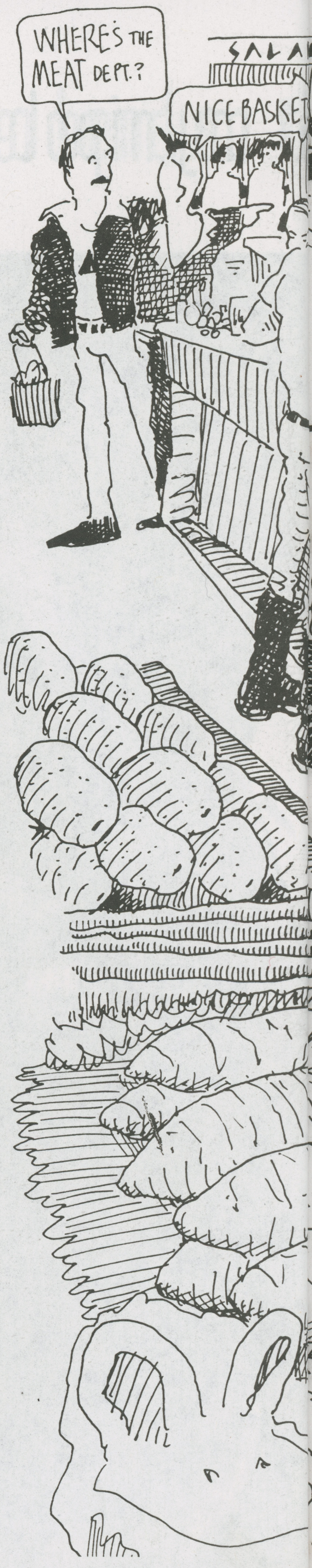
BUTCH APPEAL

I always knew what it was about femmes that made my knees weak and took my breath away. My current lover has it mastered: a look of delicate strength, self-control just waiting to be unleashed into wild abandon. You can see it in her stride, the way her long elegant legs reach forward assuredly with every step.

She takes the same way, sucking my entire hand up beyond the wrist into the big round cunt that houses the secrets of her desire. She comes quietly, but the writhing of her body speaks loudly of her fulfillment. And when we are done, she drapes soft cotton over her shoulders. As it tumbles past her breasts to cover her slightly chilled body, I see her hard stretched nipples poking out beneath—a reminder of how well I treated them, and how much I want to take her again. But I will wait. I will wait until tomorrow, allow time to heal. My femme knows her desire and, most of all, knows how to get it met. She works it and makes me her slave. A good femme always knows how to work me. But I never really understood how we, butches, made femmes weak until one Friday afternoon when I learned butch appeal.

She came to my apartment to save me—no, no, not my lover—oh well, her too, but that's another part of the story. Maybe I'd better start from the beginning.

(continued on page 42)



January was being kind, with a summery quality that drove me out of the house to walk on the beach. The usual assortment of dogs and hetero couples dotted the expanse of sand, and I was alone.

Not that I minded being alone, especially on such a fine winter beach—it was simply that I was noticing my separateness. In fact, I was enjoying being alone for the first time in five years, maybe even for the first time in my life.

After Dana and I broke up, I was afraid I wouldn't be able to be alone with myself. I was afraid I wouldn't like the company. Breaking up with Dana was one thing, but there was no way I could leave myself. But soon I began to find that there wasn't enough time alone to do all the things I wanted to do. It was as if I had stored up five years of wanting and was trying to do everything at once.

The main thing I hadn't been able to make up for was a five-year lack of sex. I didn't know many women except Dana's friends, which gave me limited access to the lesbian community. In my old girls school back in the Midwest, there weren't any classes on how to pick up women. Instead, we'd learned how to cope with boys and their advances, which we were rigorously trained to encourage. Now I was alone in a new and different world, happy as a peach with my own company but horny as hell, walking on the beach on a day that cried out to be shared with a lover. It was almost sunset and I ached to be with a woman I loved, holding her as the sun sank into the sea. That crimson glow should be mine, I thought, turning my back on the beach and the palette of colors across the sky.

On the way home I turned into the muzaked brightness of the corner market. The usual gang was up front, trying to screw games out of the video machines while Mr. Day, the owner, watched them with an eagle eye.

Mr. Day greeted me, a frequent flier through his establishment.

"Hi, Sarry." Mr. Day hails from Cambodia.

I smiled. "Hey, Day. How's tricks?"

The next instant, what to my sex-starved eyes should appear but a woman in the back of the store, and not simply a woman, but a dyke! You know how you can tell, without a doubt, from miles away. Somebody should conduct a study to determine what characteristics make us recognizable to one another.

I walked deeper into the store and circled for a closer look.

She was taller than I, maybe five-ten,with a blonde brush cut and braided tail down to her waist. A silver goddess pendant swayed against peach skin beneath her open dark green shirt. She had green eyes.

It was a hasty, hungry glance, and I wasn't certain if our eyes had really met or not. I began studying canned goods along the opposite aisle so I could continue my inventory. Things were looking up.

There was something odd about the way the woman moved; I wondered if she were lame. I watched her shuffle past the beer cooler, admiring her long denim-clad legs and bare feet. Then the funniest thing happened.

I heard her gasp and watched her do a side-step shuffle. She turned and we locked eyes for a second. Her face was a mixture of chagrin and hilarity.

A look at the floor and I realized that this was no ordinary woman. ➤

Fiction by
Sally Grey
Illustration by
Kris Kovick

A Hard Zucchini

The carrot was cool but it warmed as it slid up my cunt.

is Good to Find

There, on the floor of Day's Market, unquestionably having slid down her pants leg from the one and only place imaginable, lay a zucchini squash, coated with a white film.

She gave the squash a quick kick. It caught and spun back out into the aisle, sending us both into a fever pitch of laughter.

I crossed the aisle and slowly scooted the offensive member out of sight. Even the juvenile delinquent video pirates had stopped what they were doing to stare curiously.

"Caught in the act," the woman drawled. "I guess it's time for introductions. I'm Cat. Not short for anything. Just Cat."

My mind was racing. I'd had fleeting fantasies of using vegetables or sausages for sex play, but it was difficult to believe anyone would leave her house and enter a store—not to mention walking down a public street from who knows where—with a squash up her cunt!

I took a deep breath and asked the most important question. "Are you in a relationship?"

She smiled and shook her head. "Only with this little zucchini, honey." She had a throaty voice. I wanted to hear it crying out my name.

"I'm Sally," I said. I noticed her fingering the goddess pendant.

"So, Sally, wanna shop for vegetables with Cat?"

I feared I'd pass out on the spot. "Yeah. I think I'd like that. But I don't...I'm not sure...can you teach me?"

"That's the reason I'm here, sugar. I prayed all day for you to walk into my life, and here y'are."

I felt my eyes rolling upward and out of focus.

"Do you do this sort of thing often?"

She regarded me quizzically.

"Shop with zucchini—" I managed to ask, groping for some other words to finish my question besides *up your cunt*. My face was hot.

"Sometimes," she confessed. "Sometimes I wear my strap-on dildo all over town."

We were fast reaching dangerous waters. "I think I'm going to pass out," I gasped.

She leaned closer and put her hand against my cheek. It was cool and soft. "We'd better get you home and into bed then, hadn't we, Sally?"

"Do you live in...in the...in the neighborhood?"

"Does it matter?"

"No. Not really. Okay. I'm ready."

"I know, honey. I know. Follow Cat. We'll shop for veggies later."

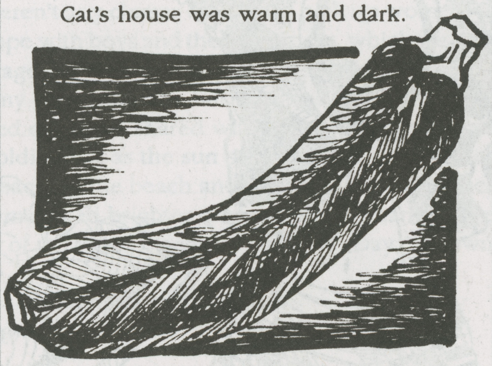
She began walking close behind me, propelling me to the door. "We'll go to my place now. I've always got a good supply of squash at home. Later we'll drive over to my favorite organic market and pick out exactly what we want. Something just your size."

My mind was exploding. I put a lid on the voice inside my head, the one that was saying, "What about love? What about a relationship? You don't go in for casual sex, remember?"

Somehow we made it the few blocks to Cat's house. She lived so near me I couldn't believe we'd never met. I had 150 questions, but my tongue wouldn't work. Putting one foot down at a time and remaining upright was about all I could manage. And watching Cat.

She was fluid, graceful, lithe, sensual. She was taking me home to bed.

Cat's house was warm and dark.



"You like it hot, don't you honey?" she said when we entered. She took off my coat and led me to her sofa.

I fought to remain conscious.

"Don't worry," she said. "I don't have any nasty diseases. Is there anything you need to tell me about yourself?"

"No. I'm healthy. I'm thirsty, though."

"You relax. Let Cat take care of you."

I watched her through the doorway. She opened the refrigerator and took out an assortment of phallic vegetables, which she washed and laid on the tray with the teapot and cups.

Cat looked at me and shook her head. "Don't think we'll need the lubricant, do ya, hon?"

I croaked, "No." I was about to slide out of my jeans. I'd never been so wet.

Cat unbuttoned my shirt and ran her palms lightly over my chest. She helped me take off my jeans.

"My, you are ready, aren't you? I could smell you from the kitchen."

"Ummmm."

"Your tea is ready. Do you want some now, or would you rather wait?"

"Wait."

Cat's hand stroked my pubic hair and I rose to meet her. Her hand against me would be a mental photograph for my special album, the one I flip through when I masturbate. Her nails were neat and short, her fingers long and strong.

"I'm not going to kiss you," she said. She opened a foil condom pouch and slid the rubber over a thick carrot. "This should be the right size."

The carrot was cool but it warmed as it slid up my cunt. Her thumb rested lightly on my clitoris. I rocked slowly.

"Take it easy, girl. We've got all night."

What a wonderful motion, the cool carrot filling me, in and out, sliding in and sliding out, Cat's thumb and then her tongue on my clitoris. We were getting a good rhythm going when she stopped.

She held a zucchini, measuring it with her finger and thumb. "You'll tell me if anything hurts, won't you?"

"Oh, yeah."

The zucchini was cool in its rubber sheath, bigger and wider and longer than the carrot.

I lay back and felt Cat's mouth on one breast, her fingers lightly pinching the other nipple, the squash getting hot.

My ass! The carrot was easing into my asshole. This was something new for me. But Cat knew what she was doing. What she was doing was bringing me to the edge of the best orgasm I'd ever had.

My tea was tepid when she held the cup to my lips.

"Am I dreaming?"

"No way. You pull yourself together, girl, and we'll go to the organic market. I'll teach you to pick out what I like."

The zucchini was still inside me. "Are we taking this one with us?"

"That's up to you, sugar."

"Why not? Maybe we can make soup out of them later."

"This is my lucky day."

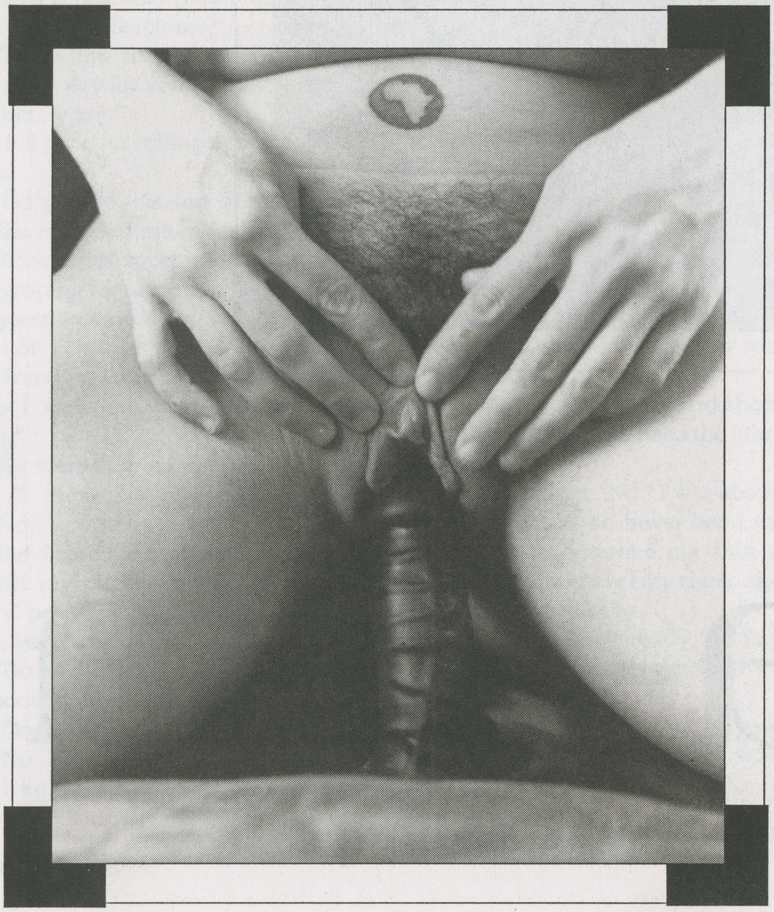
I pictured us in the produce aisle, only the two of us knowing why we were there, picking out firm vegetables the right size, secreting girl juices. I thought about how I'd feel walking around with this zucchini filling me.

I opened my mouth to ask Cat why she didn't want to kiss me when she did. We kissed for a long time. The zucchini slipped out and onto the floor. Cat's fingers were inside me then. Somehow I undressed her. She was as wet as I was. She tasted fine, quenching my thirst.

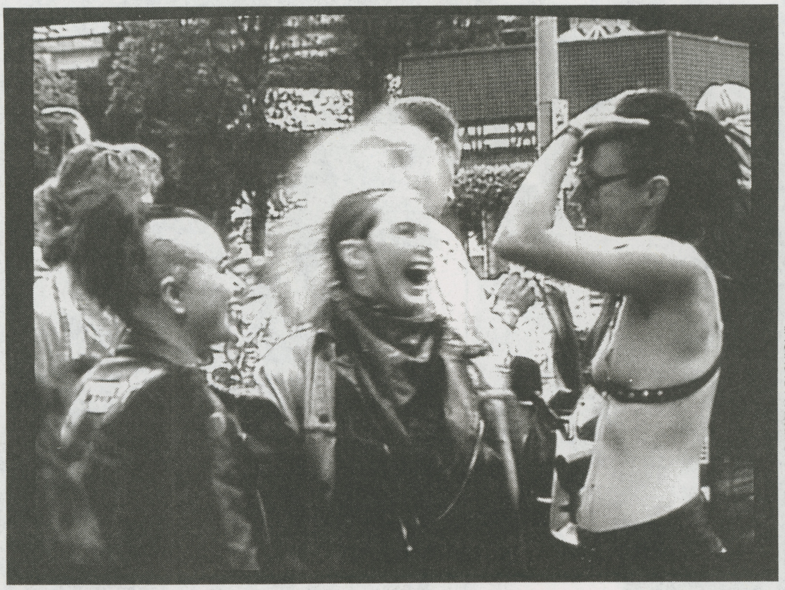
The tea was cold when we finished. Cat pulled a down quilt over us and said, "Sugar,let's go shoppin' in the morning." Δ

am-a-ni-ta

{photos by veronica faisant}



Am-a-ni-ta (am a'nee tå), *n.* 1. a type of mushroom that, while beautiful, can sometimes be deadly. Even experienced mushroom hunters have been fooled, and Amanita poisonings are not uncommon in the Pacific Northwest. 2. A woman with a two-sided personality: By day an accountant, by night an erotic dancer, she says, "Dancing puts me back in touch with my body. Accounting is strictly a head thing." 3. In sex, neither top nor bottom. "I usually prefer egalitarian strap-on action," she says, "but if necessary I'll get on top."



STILL FROM "FRAMING LESBIAN FASHION"

FRAMING LESBIAN FASHION

Produced by Karen Everett and Phyllis Christopher
(415) 255-4945

Do lesbians dress to express their personalities? Their sexuality? To make a political statement? To alert one another about availability and/or orientation? To attract? Impress? Shock? Conform? The answers to these and other burning questions are raised by the video documentary *Framing Lesbian Fashion* .

Don't be fooled by the title: this one-hour film frames a much wider picture than any literal connotation the word "fashion" might suggest. Karen Everett and Phyllis Christopher use the phenomenon of changing styles of bodily adornment to present a multi-layered portrait of lesbian history in all its evolving lifestyles and sex roles, its unfolding philosophical and political trends. Spanning some seven decades—the 20s to the 90s—this rich documentary weaves a colorful tapestry of dyke life that begins with Everett's personal story and spirals outward, acknowledging those who came before, embracing her contemporaries, and cheering on the coming generation.

The video opens with the appearance of Everett in a quick sequence of widely disparate outfits, from flannel to lingerie and all along the butch-femme continuum. Against a background of rap-type music, this immediately sets a hip, upbeat tone, but still doesn't give us a clue that this will be more than just a fashion show. That only becomes clear when Everett begins narrating her personal journey from Mormon student at Brigham Young University, to her renouncement of the religion and subsequent pilgrimage to "Lesbianville, USA"—Northampton, Massachussetts. As Everett wends her way through the feminist sex debates and on to San Francisco, her fashion sense is informed by her psychic changes.

Everett's personal story is interspersed with historical footage, film clips, and interviews with notable lesbian feminists, including Joann Loulan, Sally Gearhart, Arlene Stein, B.C. Cliver, and Kitty Tsui.

Gearhart wins the prize for profundity in the film. Her most stunning contribution is a story in which she relates feeling, for the first time, a surge of power at the thought of "taking" another woman. The rush, says Gearhart, was so powerful that she had to sit down, whereupon she suddenly understood why feminism has had such a hard time: "If that's what men feel," she muses, "no wonder they don't want to give it up!"

Joann Loulan, femme par excellence, describes her struggle "to look like my lovers" in the days when "hair was illegal" and, according to Everett, lesbians lived "side by side in androgynous harmony." Although, says Loulan, it was "a sweet feeling," the clone syndrome eventually got boring and "outlived its usefulness."

Kitty Tsui, sporting her fabulous pecs, tells how she posed naked for *On Our Backs* in order to dispel stereotypical images of the Asian American woman as either passive or dragon lady, since she feels she embodies the entire butch-femme spectrum.

Arlene Stein points out that 50s butch-femme differs from contemporary butch-femme in that now there's more of a playful, drag attitude, because there's more choice involved.

My personal favorite scene was when Phyllis Christopher, swathed in flannel for Gay Pride Day, hopped onto a motorcycle with Everett, saying, "This is our tribute to the 70s." They roared off in their anachronistic outfits among a contingent of leather-clad dykes, while Cris Williamson crooned "Waterfall." Although this could have been, for me, a wholly satisfying and tearful climax, I wouldn't want to eliminate what follows: a quick cut to more words of wisdom from Sally Gearhart, and then a wonderful parodying of the whole fashion show genre as the credits roll.

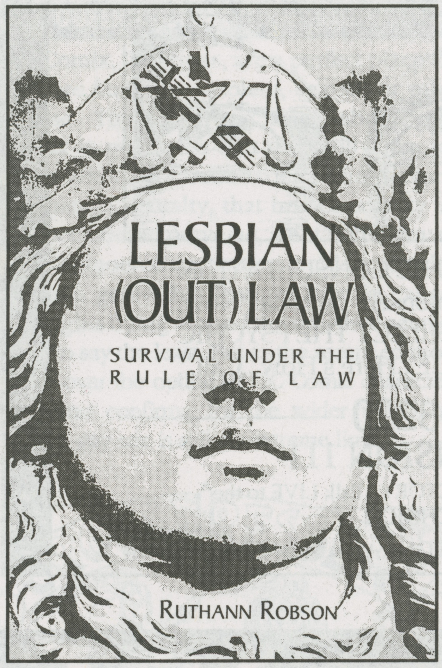
The only explicit sexuality in *Framing Lesbian Fashion* is in a segment titled "Dressed For Sex: The Leather Fringe and Beyond," which depicts today's street dykes, pierced and tattooed, in and out of sex clubs. The sex scenes however, are dimly lit and surreal enough that you probably won't be too embarrassed showing this to, say, your mother—which is my suggestion. *Framing Lesbian Fashion* will not only be enjoyed by those whose experience it reflects, but can serve as an educational primer in lesbian sensibilities.—*Marcy Sheiner*

LESBIAN (OUT) LAW: UNDER THE RULE OF LAW

By Ruthann Robson
Firebrand Books

I expected to hate this book. After my first few months of law school I decided that law was a blunt instrument of the ruling class, an obstacle to change rather than a way to create it. Twelve years of Reagan/Bush judicial appointments have only affirmed my most negative opinions of the legal system.

But I was surprised to find that author and NYU law professor Ruthann Robson is cynical enough to keep me interested. For example, in a chapter on relationships, Robson discusses some of the benefits that "only accrue to lesbians of a certain class." And she does not find convincing "the argument that as lesbians we can enter the



state-created marriage. Our legal energy is better directed at abolishing marriage as a state institution and spouse as a legal category."

Although Robson's book is theoretical in nature, her approach is pragmatic. While pointing out the ways the legal system functions to maintain the status quo, she also acknowledges the unfortunate need to work within its limited confines.

The most amusing and original section of the book discusses the criminal nature of lesbian sex. Although half of the jurisdictions in the U.S. criminalize lesbian sexual expression, Robson points out that whether or not you are commiting a crime depends on what you are doing as much as where you are. In Texas, deviant sexual intercourse includes "the penetration of the genitals or anus of another with an object," so if you just use your fingers there is probably no crime. Those who prefer cunnilingus will want to avoid Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, Louisiana and Utah, which all criminalize oral sex. Robson will be expanding on this theme in her next book, *The Legal Text of Lesbian Sex*. Judging by *Lesbian (Out) Law*, we can look forward to more provocative reading and handy travel tips.—*Mindy Spatt*

LOVE, ZENA BETH

By Diane Salvatore
Naiad Press

Imagine for a moment the famous lesbian you most desire. If your fairy godmother made your dream come true, and you two fell in love, would you drop your life for the romance?

That's the choice that Joyce Ecco, the narrator of Diane Salvatore's novel, *Love, Zena Beth*, faces. An up-and-coming journalist at a New York paper, Ecco's interview with Zena Beth Frazer—a famous, beautiful, writer—sets the stage for her star-struck fantasy to become reality.

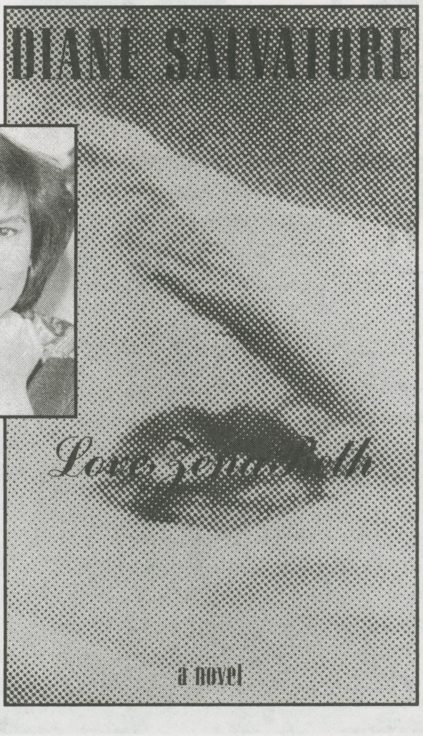
Ecco is swept off her feet. Given the opportunity for a relationship with the woman she has idolized for years, and life in the lesbian fast lane, she leaves her lover, quits her job, and moves to North Carolina.

Unfortunately, they don't live happily ever after. Salvatore explores Joyce's thoughts and feelings as she comes to terms with the relationship, offering the reader a mature and insightful account of star-crossed love. The book has a highly personal feel, as if it's the post-mortem to a relationship that actually existed.

Is it based on Salvatore's real-life romance with a well-known lesbian writer with three names? She told *The Advocate*, "It's solidly fiction." Still, Salvatore and Ecco have a lot in common, and many of the characters seem to be thinly disguised celebrity dykes.

That adds a dish factor—figuring out who might be based on who—to an already winning combination. *Love, Zena Beth* is just the right mix of potboiler, erotic romance, and insightful look at lesbian love to be a thoroughly satisfying page-turner.

—*Anne Feder*



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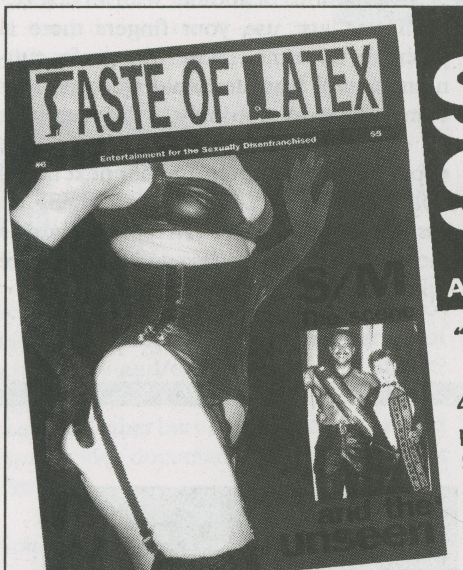

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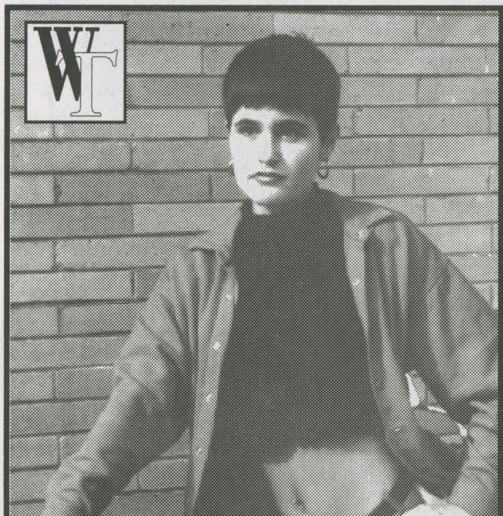

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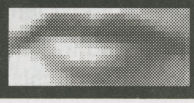


SEXPOINT *(from page 15)*

The cover charge-only theaters also have a traditional peepshow room where kinky girl-on-girl action can be viewed through semi-anonymous booths. In these I have witnessed S/M, fisting, and safe sex demonstrations. While educational and erotic, it's the sheer seediness of it all that makes me come.

San Francisco strippers are really the creme de la creme. I have never seen so many beautiful and diverse women in one place. Dark and deathly Gothic girls dance to "Bela Lugosi's Dead" immediately after blonde bimbo types bounce around to "Baby's Got Back." It's like a smut buffet—and I always go back for seconds.

It took me awhile to muster up the guts to actually get myself through the doors of these strip clubs. I either rationalized my visits with some good excuse—like this was "research" for an article—or I disguised my presence with a big group of friends. But lately I've been going by myself, or even taking dates.

Usually I'm the only non-performing woman in the house, but the staff assures me that female visitors are quite common. This makes sense, because inside sources say that the vast majority of strippers are lesbian or bisexual. I asked Jezebel, my all-time favorite secret-crush stripper who dances at the Lusty Lady, how many women visit in a day. Her response: "Not enough!" Take it as a calling, ladies, and get thee to a strip theater!

The actual establishments are kept fairly sanitary, and there are always plenty of bouncers who make their presence obvious. Usually I'm a white hetero-male magnet, but I've never been approached or hassled by any patrons inside the clubs. My presence is usually greeted with confused stares. Do I work there? Is it my night off and I came for a visit? Am I going to whip off my clothes, jump on stage and become part of the show? The mood is usually fairly tense. I think people are generally uncomfortable and unsure of the proper etiquette, but if you walk in with your head high, as if this is your home away from home, people will leave you alone, and probably even look to you for proper behavioral clues.

There *is* such a thing as strip club etiquette—it usually entails a sense of adventure and a fist full of singles. "It takes one to tip one," *Taste of Latex* Editrix and sometime stripper Lily Braindrop once said. Rumor has it that women are notoriously poor tippers; my guess is that this comes from feeling intimidated. So let me set this issue straight once and for all: when a woman who tickles your fancy is dancing, march right up and slap a couple of dollars on the stage. She'll thank you by strutting her stuff in front of you. If you want more, do it again. Should a dancer come over and ask you if you'd

"like some company," or "want to play," dig a little deeper into your pockets. Five dollars will get you a private moment with a scantily clad dream girl grinding in your lap. Ten to twenty usually buys her company for a whole song. You can look but you can't touch, so keep your hands on the armrests, unless you're instructed otherwise.

So, you've got a beautiful stripper in your lap: now what? Talk to her, watch the show with her, cuddle, or get lap-danced. Lap dancing is a form of public masturbation she will perform on you if you so desire. It's not for the shy, but I highly recommend it.

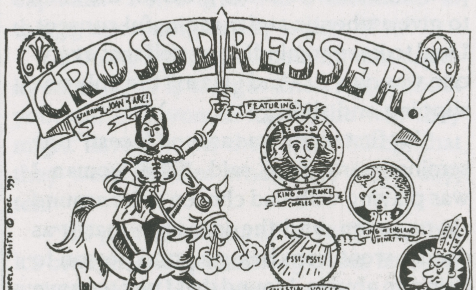
I'm pretty much deep in the clutches of my addiction—I simply crave naked women. As with any addiction, I'm often asked about the healthiness of my habit. What are the ramifications of frequent exposure to live pornography? Is it true that "abnormal" pleasures kill the taste for "normal" ones? In my case, these so-called "abnormal" pleasures have only served to whet my appetite. They haven't turned me into a drooling sex offender. If anything, my visits to sexual fantasy lands have only served to open my mind. Between the velvet-flocked wallpapered walls of these theaters exists a world where some of my fantasies are demonstrated for money. Women that I wouldn't usually pursue perform acts that I might never have imagined.

Fortunately, being a freelance journalist I'm in no danger of losing my job because of my addiction. My friends and family are absolutely no support at helping me give it up—they want to go with me to these flesh fests. I can't fault them; I mean, who isn't curious about what's behind the green door?

So this is one addiction I intend to keep. It's not that I'm against self-improvement. I'll just turn my inner strength to less enjoyable vices (of which I have a few). As long as there's a sex industry, I'll be one of the few dykes standing proud to support it. Δ

QUEER CULTURE *(from page 11)*

Comix, like zines, are a perfect place to explore fantasies—violent, sexual, or otherwise. The surprising thing about gay comix in general is that they still seem to work within the boundaries of homo versus hetero sexualty, that homosexuality is still considered perverse, if not outrageous. That homoerotic activity should be shocking in a genre that features men in capes and tights flying around the universe seems odd, to say the least. But as the recent controversy over the outing of DC Comic character Northstar confirms, for the wider world of comix, gay sex is still an extreme limit.



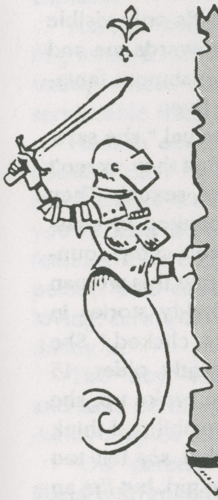
CHEELA SMITH © DEC. 1991

Northstar came out this year to an unprecedented media response; many gay comics people seemed to regard this superhero's homo identity as a triumph of sorts. As someone who isn't all that interested in the superhero side of comix, I see the labelling of cartoon characters as gay or straight as an indication of how limited our horizons truly are when it comes to imagining new configurations of sexual identity. If we can fantasize new species from new planets with weird bodies and strange habits, how is that when it comes to sexual fantasies we never leave planet earth and always plod around the boring combinations of same gender versus different gender?

But back at the comix convention—what about those furverts and trekkies, the nerds and the geeks as visions of alternative sexualities? Surely they know that sex is not only a gendered thing. The furverts are a mostly male group of comix nuts who get off on drawings of furry, foxy babes who are somewhere between fox and human. The trekkies, of course, are that indomitable group of Star Trek followers who live and breathe Kirk, Spock, Scottie and the gang. The geeks and nerds seem to have elaborate sex codes that send signals by how they wear their pocket protectors and what they put in them: two red pens and a small ruler, for example, signifies furvert mutual masturbation with other men with small penises. An empty pocket protector means passive anal intercourse.

It's hard to forge real connections between male comix perverts and the radical dyke comix of Gregory and others. Certainly there's nothing radical about many of the superheroes, or the militaristic war comix that take up most of the floor space in your average comic book store. All the more reason then to celebrate the flourishing subculture of girl comix and queer comix that defy the cartoon police and air oppositional views about sex, bodies, fantasy, and oppression. I urge you to check out Gregory's *Naughty Bits* and *Artistic Licentiousness*, Bocage's *Real Girls*, and *Gay Comix*. Also look up *Dirty Plotte*, by Julie Doucet, *Strange Looking Exile*, *Hothead Paisan*, and the many other alternative comix being produced.

Queer comix are definitely making a difference within the world of comix—they inspire new arenas of fantasy and imagine new forms of sexuality. They make queerness into a wonderfully comic enterprise. Δ



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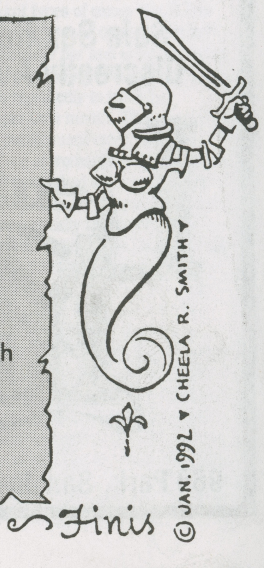

DYKE DADDIES *(from page 22)*

Marshall continues without a hitch. "Then she told me about these couples where the kids were like seven or eight. We looked at each other and said, 'No way.'" They both laugh. "So the most we've managed is like, 16. Oh, sometimes I'll go littler, if I want something, or if I'm being punished. But what I really am is a rebellious teenager."

It seems that one daddy's nightmare is another daddy's wet dream. Cliver and Marshall couldn't be more tickled with each other—they're constantly stroking, touching, smiling. Marshall informs me that her straight friends accept Cliver as her daddy.

"They have to," she says with a defiant adolescent shrug. "That's the way it is."

Cliver says S/M enters the picture in the form of punishment and reward. "If I really need to punish her, I'll do it with something that's borderline nonconsensual."

"Oh, don't use that word," Marshall objects. "I agreed to all this."

"I just mean I use an implement she doesn't like. In her case it's a Fiberglas cane."

Marshall sneaks me a wink. Daddy clearly doesn't know everything.

"The thing that pisses me off," said one daddy at the seminar "are these kids who come over to play with my kids and expect me to be their dad too. I think that's really inappropriate."

"Of course it is!" a woman cried into the din of general agreement. "It's sexual, for god's sakes."

And therein, for many, lies the rub. Sex and kids don't go together, even if the "kids" are on the wrong side of 40. It's an interesting exercise in how fantasy, roles, and reality can slide around, merging in ways we might not expect. I discovered, for instance, that the assumed age of the kid made a difference to me—under 15 started straying into the realm of what I considered nonconsensual, because the power imbalance is too great for the child to give authentic and meaningful consent. I had to keep reminding myself that everyone was over 21. And I wasn't the only one slipping and sliding.

"My first scene was around incest," one seminar participant said. "The woman I was playing with had chosen to be around six or seven, and the idea was that I, as daddy, went from being a good person to being an abuser. I found that I had to move out of role to fuck her. I had my own incest experiences to deal with. I felt like things were breaking up inside of me, part of me was dying. I just couldn't take on that role."

For some people, though, rewriting painful history is what this is all about. "I've had girlfriends who haven't known they were incest survivors until they discovered it with me," one woman said. "We've had to be okay with the fact that it's hot. I think you have to rip the scab off and let it bleed before it can be healed."

"Look," another woman said, "the big difference is that the bottom's turned on. I'm a top who's willing to deal with someone else's nightmare. Tops take on these stigmatized identities so other people can work through their shit. But it's how S/M operates, it's always paradoxical. You hurt to give someone pleasure, you tear someone up to give them a liberating experience."

"You take on a great responsibility when you play with these loaded topics," one women cautioned. "You're probably going to be dealing with abandonment issues. Shit can and will come up, but the likelihood is that you're going to get back as much as you give."

"Part of my agenda was to be a better dad than my own dad," another woman noted. "But after dealing with bottoms I started to realize why he was such an asshole."

"The kids have such a marvelous freedom from responsibility," one woman agreed. "They're always obnoxious, always testing."

Okay, we get it that daddies are vulnerable—but how about the kids? Those attending the seminar had evidently been told that children should be seen and not heard, so I set up an appointment with Ann Wertheim, who's written a number of short stories and articles on the daddy theme.

Wertheim, 30 has short hair and a mobile face that's exceptionally soft and open. She's manager of the Gauntlet in San Francisco, a one-stop piercing emporium where they perform the piercing and sell the jewelry to adorn it. Wertheim herself has a tongue piercing, but it's only visible in rare flashes. She leans towards me and divulges that she's had punishment fantasies since she was four or five.

"At first they weren't sexual," she says. "Well no, that's wrong. At first they weren't *genital.* They were always sexual. They were fantasies of being spanked or chastised by someone older, like a camp counselor or a teacher. When I met this woman who was turned on by daddy stories in *Drummer* magazine, it just clicked." She pauses. "She was significantly older, 15 years' difference. When we broke up, she said it was too much responsibility. I think what really happened is that *she* felt too responsible. I may be a little girl, but I'm an

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adult too."

The odd part of this is that while both Bobbi Marshall and Ann Wertheim *are* adult, not to mention thoughtful and articulate, there's a part of them that corresponds with their chosen age. Wertheim is almost kittenish.

"At first I didn't have an age for my little girl," she says, sipping her Calistoga. "Then things began evolving. Once an incest component came in, I got an age, around ten or twelve. See, I've always told myself stories, but lately I've been able to verbalize them. Now my girlfriend adds sexy elements. It's like she can get inside my head and tell my story."

She glances up to see if I understand. "What's happening with our story now is that I've never had sex with anyone except my daddy. Just recently daddy decided to bring mommy into this. Daddy doesn't want to fuck mommy anymore. He just wants to fuck his little girl and mommy has to stand around and watch."

"Is mommy real?" I ask.

Wertheim shakes her head. "No. Though once I did play with a mommy. She was maternal, a big nurturing woman. Now that everyone else in the world is into daddy, I should move on to mommy." She laughs. "Except it wouldn't work. I like butch women too much."

Where exactly does butch leave off and daddy begin? For that matter, how do top and daddy differ? Jacquie Hansen explains that dad is responsible for his charge's welfare in a way that butches and tops are not. Above all, being daddy means being protective.

Hansen, 39, has short hair and a braided tail. She parks her motorcycle on the sidewalk in front of the cafe and shrugs off her jacket. Moments later, her kid arrives, a "little boy" who says she wants to remain incognito. "My business could suffer," she explains.

Hansen sends her off to get water. I'm beginning to see the advantages of playing daddy—these adult kids are much more serviceable than the usual kind.

Hansen seems surprised when I ask about incest. "Well," she says, "that element is always there underneath. Whether you've been incested or not, anger and hurt feelings can come up. But I'm not the person who caused those feelings. I'm a loving, caring daddy. I'm in control of who daddy is."

The "boy" comes back with the water and asks permission to tell me that while daddy may be strict, he is never abusive.

"Our parents weren't listening to us," Hansen affirms as she pats the couch next to her and her "boy" obediently sits. "If there's a problem with one of my little boys or girls, we can talk about it." Whenever Hansen makes a point by thrusting her hand into the air, her "boy" catches it on the downswing, capturing daddy's hand in her lap until the next emphatic gesture.

Hansen began playing daddy while living in Greece. "The people I was living with started referring to me as their daddy. They saw me as the kind of father they wanted to have."

"Were these people adult women?" I ask.

Hansen nods.

"Did this daddy-play include S/M?"

"I don't just do S/M in scene," Hansen explains. "I live S/M. I'm a multitude of things, and being daddy is part of it."

Is being a daddy something that arises in context, or is it a gut knowledge about yourself? Did women know, the way they might have known they were butch, that they were daddies when they were, say, ten?

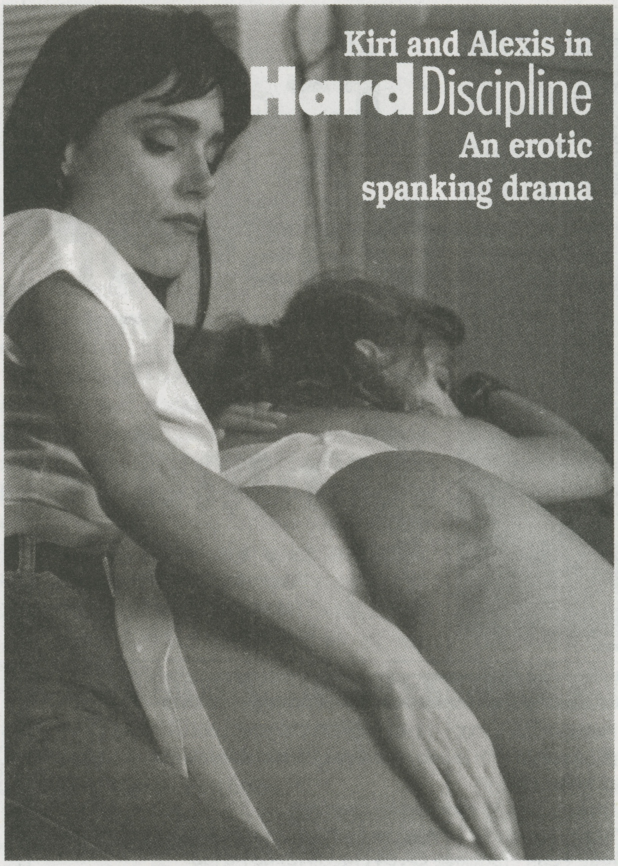
"It's part of me, sure," says Cliver, "but it's brought out by another person. Let's say it's *awakened* by someone else."

Hansen has "always been stern and to the point, and people identified that as being parental." She shrugs. "I'm a leader. I tend to carry people with me. People feel they can be vulnerable around me. But as a top I'm vulnerable too. Both the daddy top and the top top can be soft and stern, but it's another kind of soft and stern. It's just a different persona."

Ann Wertheim says she knew her destiny from an early age. "The daddy stuff is my heart," she says. "It's more at my core than being a lesbian. Sometimes I feel alienated from the S/M community—whips and chains and handcuffs don't resonate for me because they aren't what parents would use on their kids. Top/bottom involves my intellect and my body, but not my spirit."

What is it that daddy play brings to dykes? The fact that daddies have been popular in the gay male community for centuries is no surprise: men don't have a lot of roles that allow tenderness, and daddy/boy is a perfect script for the nurturing men crave but are rarely allowed. But aren't dykes light years beyond such a stifled state of affairs? Aren't two women the very embodiment of empathy and caring? Sounds suspiciously like what your straight friends say when they've decided they want to sample the wares on the other side of the sexual orientation fence.

"I guess daddies like it because they get all this trust," Wertheim says, shoulders moving, head moving, as if she can't stand to be demure in this cafe a second longer;



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she just has to break out in loud purrs. "I really am a little kid inside. The very best thing about daddy is that he loves you no matter what."

What about mommy? Isn't this stuff kind of anti-feminist?

"Daddy's an archetype," says Jacquie Hansen. "I think lesbians have become willing to be more vulnerable, to let things in that are scary."

And, of course, the daddy that a dyke becomes, no matter how reflective of her experiences with men or with her own father, is still a female creation. Said one woman at the seminar, "When I'm playing daddy, I'm professorial, wearing wingtips, smoking a pipe, just like my father. He was an ice-cold man. Now I get to know who he would have been if he had laughed."

So it's not the collapse of Rome or even particularly startling, though for many people there's an inherent problem about using age play to establish roles in a relationship. In a top/bottom dynamic, even one that's played out 24 hours a day, both parties function as adults, and both can take care of the other within the context of their roles. The same is true of butch/femme. But with daddy/kid, one is being a parent and one a child. In order to interact and communicate as adults, both have to step out of their roles, and given that the roles are sexualized, this can create a layer of confusion. Feeling that one must always be a parent is, I suspect, what's behind the complaint that being a daddy is "too much responsibility." Yet, if the individuals involved have the right psychological "wiring" to find daddy play not only a turn-on but deeply fulfilling, then they have the motivation to overcome that difficulty.

Most of the women described in this article live daddy/kid full-time. Probably many more women choose an element of age play that appeals to them and is psychically less threatening—an unrelated older friend, say, or a flirtation with the babysitter—and inject it as spice into their sex lives on an occasional basis. Even a brief dabble into these kinds of archetypes can be challenging—and not only to those who have been incested. After all, we're social animals; civilization requires that we accept certain rules to be accepted into the "tribe"—whether it be our family or the community. For some women, eroticizing those ancient truths in a setting where both partners have control can be both freeing and inspiring.

"I think of my daddy as a bear rug who can cover me no matter how strong I am," says one woman. And, as Jacquie Hansen says, "It's good that people are able to be daddies, because there's a lot of little boys and girls out there who need us." Δ

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BUTCH APPEAL *(from page 29)*

I was sitting on the couch avoiding my work way over on the desk at the opposite end of the room when I heard flapping coming from the fireplace. There was no fire lit, so I went closer and determined it was some poor dumb bird that had flown down the chimney and couldn't get enough momentum going to fly out. It sat atop the damper waiting to be rescued.

Well, maybe I'm butch but I'm also an urban bitch who has no use for wildlife, especially up close and personal, like in my apartment. I called the Animal Rescue League, but they said they wouldn't be able to send anyone over to rescue the bird until some time in the afternoon. So I waited, my heart pounding with each flap of the bird's useless wings. By noon it had managed to wiggle its way through the flue that was slightly ajar, and suddenly it came flying through the living room. With that, my butch sensibility went flying out the window, and I escaped to the downstairs bedroom, where I shut the door and grabbed the phone. Kay, my femme, was about to go on her lunch break, and said she'd come right over to try and help. Wanting to show my appreciation, I strapped on my dildo, tucked it in my jeans against my right leg, and waited. Assuming that this bird business could be dispensed with quickly, there might be time to pay my respects to my nature-loving femme before her lunch hour was over.

Just as I zipped up my fly, the doorbell rang. I zoomed down the stairs; it seemed awfully quick, but I didn't stop to think how Kay could have gotten over so soon. I had other things on my mind—that damn bird was still flying around upstairs. When I opened the door I saw a blonde butch in a blue uniform with a patch on the sleeve indicating her affiliation with the Animal Rescue League and realized that it could never have been Kay so soon. No matter. We had some bird rescuing to do.

We literally ran up the stairs, right to the living room where the bird was perched by the picture window, confused as to what stood between it and freedom. I had managed to open the sliding glass door to the deck but the damn bird still hadn't found its way out. But the blonde butch had a plan. She efficiently stripped her jacket off from her big broad shoulders and, without wasting a second, wrapped it around the bird. She reached beneath to grab the feathered creature, walked swiftly to the open door, and set it free. The matter was resolved so rapidly, that all at once I found myself embarrassed by my fear and foolishness

about addressing the matter myself. At the same time, I wondered if maybe she had ulterior motives for being so quick. Maybe she had some ideas for how to use the time.

I didn't need to wonder long. That's the thing about butches—they don't make you wait for long. Unless, of course, they do. This one didn't. Once she let the bird go and stepped back in from the deck, she noticed me. Actually, she noticed the dildo bulging beneath my jeans. A look of curiosity rushed across her face as she glanced from the dildo to my eyes. Then a smirk cracked across her lips.

As I studied her bold beautiful body topped by the sweetest, softest face I had ever seen, I understood the appeal of butch flesh. I felt like a femme whose only desire was to be taken, as I had seen so many succumb beneath me. As my butch spirit betrayed me, I realized I could survive the loss because it was instantly replaced, in fact pushed out, by a longing to be taken.

"I don't think you'll be needing that," she said, pointing to my bulge. "You'd better give it to me. Now." I obliged. I unbuttoned my jeans, slid the zipper down, and released the velcro straps that held the harness across my hips.

"Stop. I'll get it," she said, stepping towards me. She was so close I could feel her breath against my cheek. Her thick hand reached into my pants, past my wiry hairs until it found my recently detached cock. In one swift stroke, she grabbed it. I was so distracted by the loss of my cock, the last remnant of my butchness, that I didn't realize until she had finished removing it that the thumb and index finger of her left hand were squeezing my right nipple. Now I knew without question that I would be this woman's femme, at least for the afternoon.

She tossed the cock and harness onto the couch and turned her attention to my left breast. While one hand occupied itself with my nipple, the other pressed firmly against my breast, pushing flesh against my chest.

Mine are big breasts, the kind that pull my shoulders into a slight slump most of the time. It takes a big hand to manage them. She could. She did. Quietly and with confidence she slid her hand and gathered her fingers down to the nipple that was now quite hard awaiting her touch.

With both hands squarely at their respective nipples, she pulled me across the room to an empty wall. I had no choice but to follow, my tits leading the way. She tried keeping her eyes on mine, disregarding the sting she knew she was inflicting, but could not. Both our eyes kept slipping down to that place of pleasure where my nipples stretched before us, preparing me for more. Her power matched my pleasure and my cunt throbbed in response.

She unbuckled her thick garrison belt, tore open her pants, and slipped out of them. She seemed like a butch who would normally offer a more paced and deliberate effect, but she was, after all, on a call, and had only so much time for this job. I didn't mind; besides, I needed it quick and hard. I was already so wet that milky cum was starting to drip down my thigh, which had not so long ago housed the cock of my femme's pleasure.

"Kay!" I suddenly remembered. "She's on her way over." The thought excited me. What would she think of her butch playing bitch for a woman in uniform?

Full of confidence, the butch stood before me in boxer shorts, her cock sticking out from its flap. She was strong and big, fair skinned, round yet firm. She strode across the room to where I stood, still up against the wall, took me by the nipples again and dragged me to the couch. Somehow, I hadn't noticed that she'd had the foresight to fold the futon into its queen-size bed position. She led me to one side and motioned that I remain there while she crossed to the other side, all the while holding on to my nipples. Between the length of her arms and the distance traversed by my outstretched breasts, she managed to make it—a calculation she'd clearly considered. I knew I was in good hands. Good butch hands. I waited for my orders.

"On your knees," she said.

I obeyed. She pulled on my hanging tits, forcing me to bend so that my nipples barely grazed the bed. Gently she brushed them against the bedcover, swinging these enormous breasts left to right, squeezing

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until my nipples were so hard I began to squirm. She looked through the space between my hanging breasts, past my stomach and hips to my spread thighs where my wetness dripped down my leg. I was ready and she knew it.

"That's good," she said. I do have to get back to work again soon, but I mustn't disappoint you."

Down she went, onto the bed, flat on her back, with that cock standing straight up in the air. She turned me around by the waist, placed one of my knees on each side of her hips, and with my back and ass facing her, lifted me up and onto her cock. It slid in easily. I began riding her, while she thrusted up and down and around like a bucking bronco. I was dripping all over that damn cock so much that all she had to do was catch some and her fingers slid right up my ass. I was full, with our thighs sticking together from sweat and cum. I would have lost my balance if she hadn't kept one hand firmly on my back. Up and down, in and out, I didn't know how much I could take, but I wanted to take it all.

Just then the key turned in the lock and Kay let herself in. She stopped in surprise for a moment, but then recovered her composure and decided to join in the festivities. She knelt before me, parted my lips with her tongue and filled my mouth. She pulled on my sore nipples, stretching them almost beyond what they could take. Without missing a beat, my butch in uniform kept fucking my cunt and ass from behind and beneath me, while my femme took possession of my tits and mouth. I was full, every orifice plugged, being fucked from all directions by the butchest butch and the femmest femme. I was theirs completely, learning from both, coming for both.

I bore down on the cock of my woman in uniform to keep my cunt open for her, resisting my body's inclination to tighten up in preparation for orgasm. I pressed and fucked, staying as open as possible while every part of me—mouth, ass, and cunt—felt gagged and stuffed. My excitement built and built until I began screaming into my femme's mouth from a release like none I had ever known. My back arched violently, yanking my mouth out of hers, as cum poured out beyond the space filled by the cock, all over the bed and legs of the woman beneath me. I had never ejaculated before, but baby this surely was it.

I fell, utterly exhausted, tumbling over to the side, as my cunt muscles expelled the cock from its home. When I came to, moments later, my butch was on her back, I was lying on top of her, and my femme was upon me, face down with her head buried in my neck. Δ

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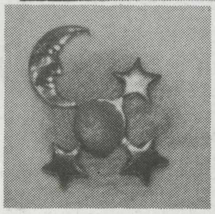

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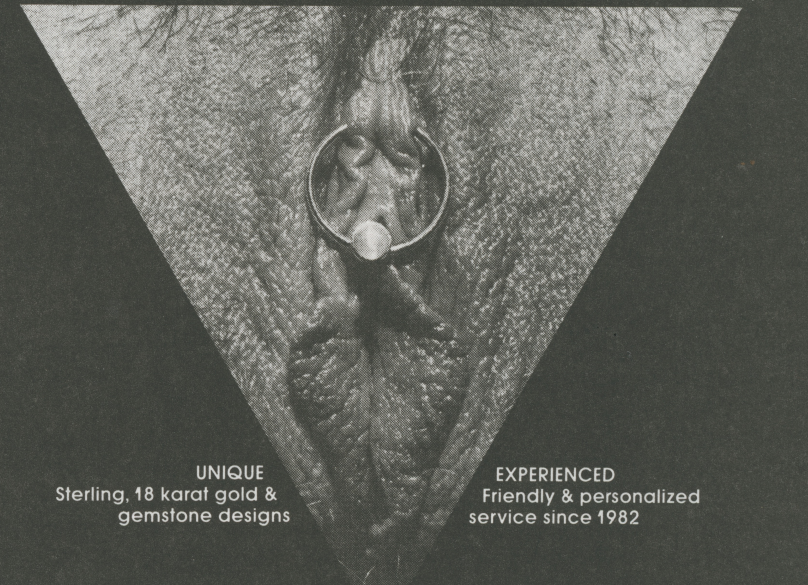

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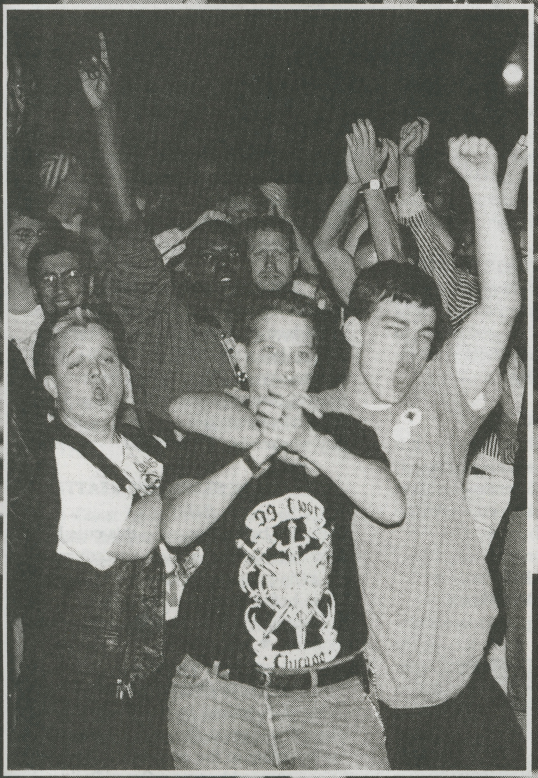

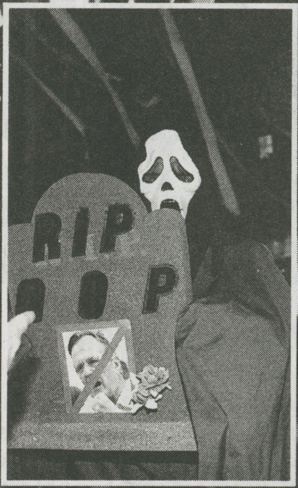

Angie Fa

SAN FRANCISCO

Photos by Jane Philomen Cleland

200,000 gays, lesbians, and friends filled the Castro district of San Francisco to celebrate the beginning of a new era. Clinton's victory celebration was magnified by California's election of two women, Barbara Boxer and Diane Feinstein, to the U.S. Senate, Carol Mosley Braun's victory in Illinois, and the defeat of homophobic legislation in Oregon and Maine. Additionally, Angie Fa, the first out Asian American lesbian to be voted into office, was elected to the San Francisco School Board.

ACT UP members parted the crowd, raising coffins above their heads that held effigies of Bush, Quayle, and Helms. Eulogies were delivered and the crowd cheered as each casket was heaped onto a bonfire. Revelers circled the flames, dancing and singing "Ding dong, the witch is dead!"—a fitting funeral for 12 years of homophobia, misogyny and racism. Three years late—but the gay nineties have finally arrived!

Note to photographers: *About Town* is about everybody's town! We are looking for photographers to document events across the country. If you are interested in photographing an event in your community **call 415-861-4723.**

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CHICAGO TOP SEEKS FEMME SWITCH
Experienced, elegant 35-yr-old desires leather & lace bottom strong enough to f— me on command. Suck my big dyke dick while I spank you, follow directions, call me Sir. Prefer non-smoking professional age 30-40 under 5'6" tall. No bis, drugs, light alcohol ok. Heavy women cherished, Midwest travel only. ☎ 1401

POLITICAL SLUT WANTS BUTCH
Gorgeous fat femme looking for love and lust with butch top whose politics are as radical as her sexuality. Do you exist? do you strap on? Do you dare? Sober, clean, smoke free a must. ☎ 1392

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Do you often wonder where romance has gone? Well, I'm here, searching for you. If you're a young, petite femme who likes 'em strong, sensual and black then I'm the butch for you. ☎ 1397

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29 yr old tattoo'd lesbian. Baby butch 5'5", 115lbs, seeks dominant mistress to fulfill my fantasies. What you command I will obey or? ✍ 916

SEA-TAC SM TOP
Hello, my name is Vic and I'm an S/M top from the Sea-tac area. I'm looking for a woman who's proud to be a bottom—you know who you are. ☎ 1041

SMART MOUTH/BEAUTIFUL LIPS
NYC submissive-slim and 35-seeks playmate to hold me down and drive me wild. No strings attached. Be attractive and hot. ☎ 1060

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Looking for a bisexual lover to have romance over the phone. Must have sexy voice and erotic pleasures. ☎ 1022

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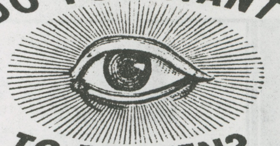

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HELP WANTED
East Coast hedonist & writer of lesbian erotica desires adventurous uninhibited telephone mistress to inspire next literary creation. Prefer well-educated, articulate, witty moral degenerate. Please call today—my publisher is waiting. ☎ 1347

COUNTRY FEMME...
Looking for chivalrous urban gal to love & pamper we will go slow til you're ready. I'll tell you when you're ready. ☎ 1349

EAST COAST ROMANCE
26 yr old passionate, brown eyed NJ resident not thoroughly informed on Butch or Femme but I know what I like. Looking for that special someone to share everything from a moonlit beach to a bite of a juicy peach. ☎ 1348

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I'm 26, 5'3", 110 pounds, brown eyes and hair. Pretty, athletic, soft butch, shy, funny, romantic. If I had the right woman I would have sex 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, and then some. Are you the one that can quench my thirst?? ✍ 917

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CHICAGO TOP SEEKS FEMME SWITCH
Experienced, elegant 35-yr-old desires leather & lace bottom strong enough to f— me on command. Suck my big dyke dick while I spank you, follow directions, call me Sir. Prefer non-smoking professional age 30-40 under 5'6" tall. No bis, drugs, light alcohol ok. Heavy women cherished, Midwest travel only. ☎ 1356

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Connie—I'm willing to be your student if you are ready to give me your first lesson. ☎ 1096

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BiBF, 28, 145 lbs, voluptuous, femme in open marriage looking for k.d. Lang type to romance me. Has to love NPR, PBS, and SEX. Hubby has "something" to do Saturday nights—wanna keep me company? ☎ 1014

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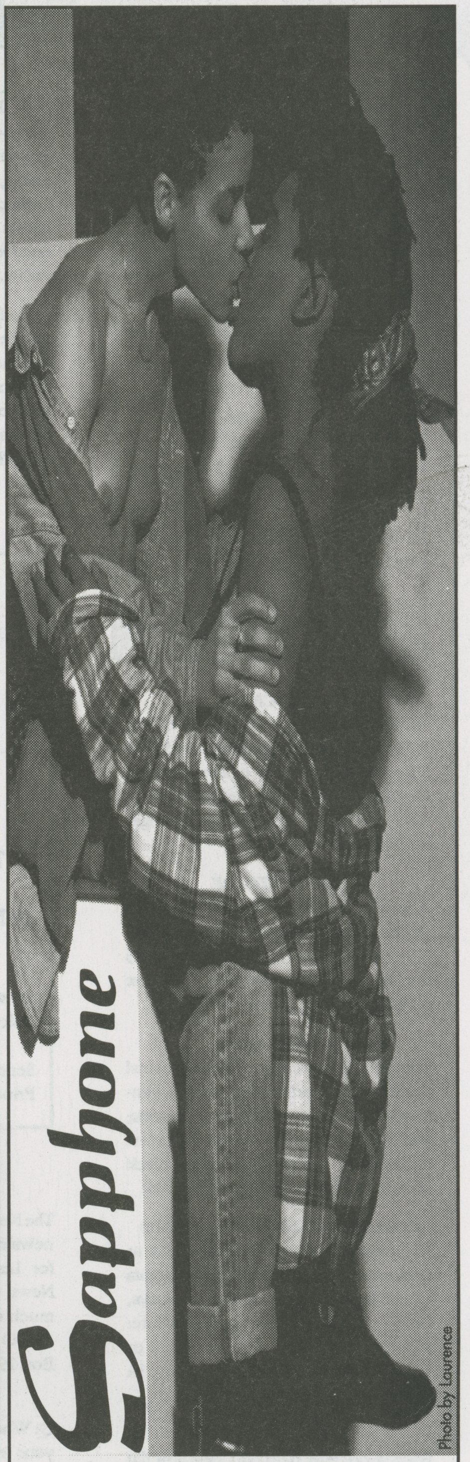

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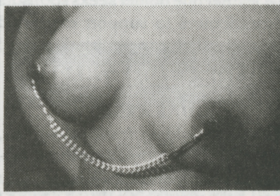

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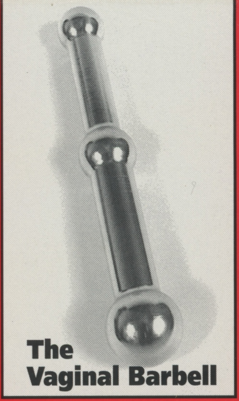

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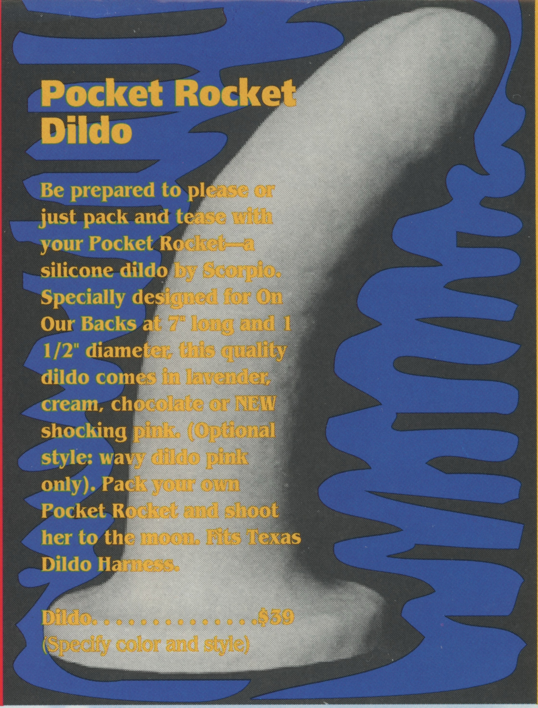

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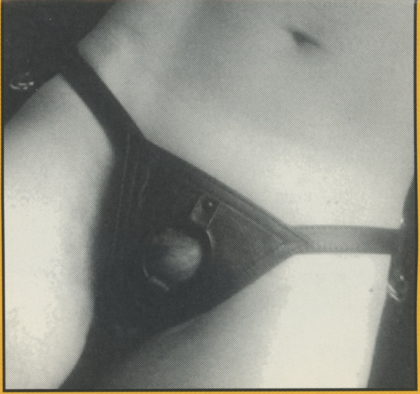

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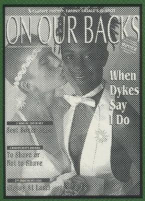

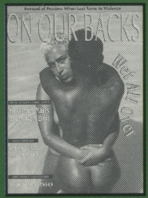

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